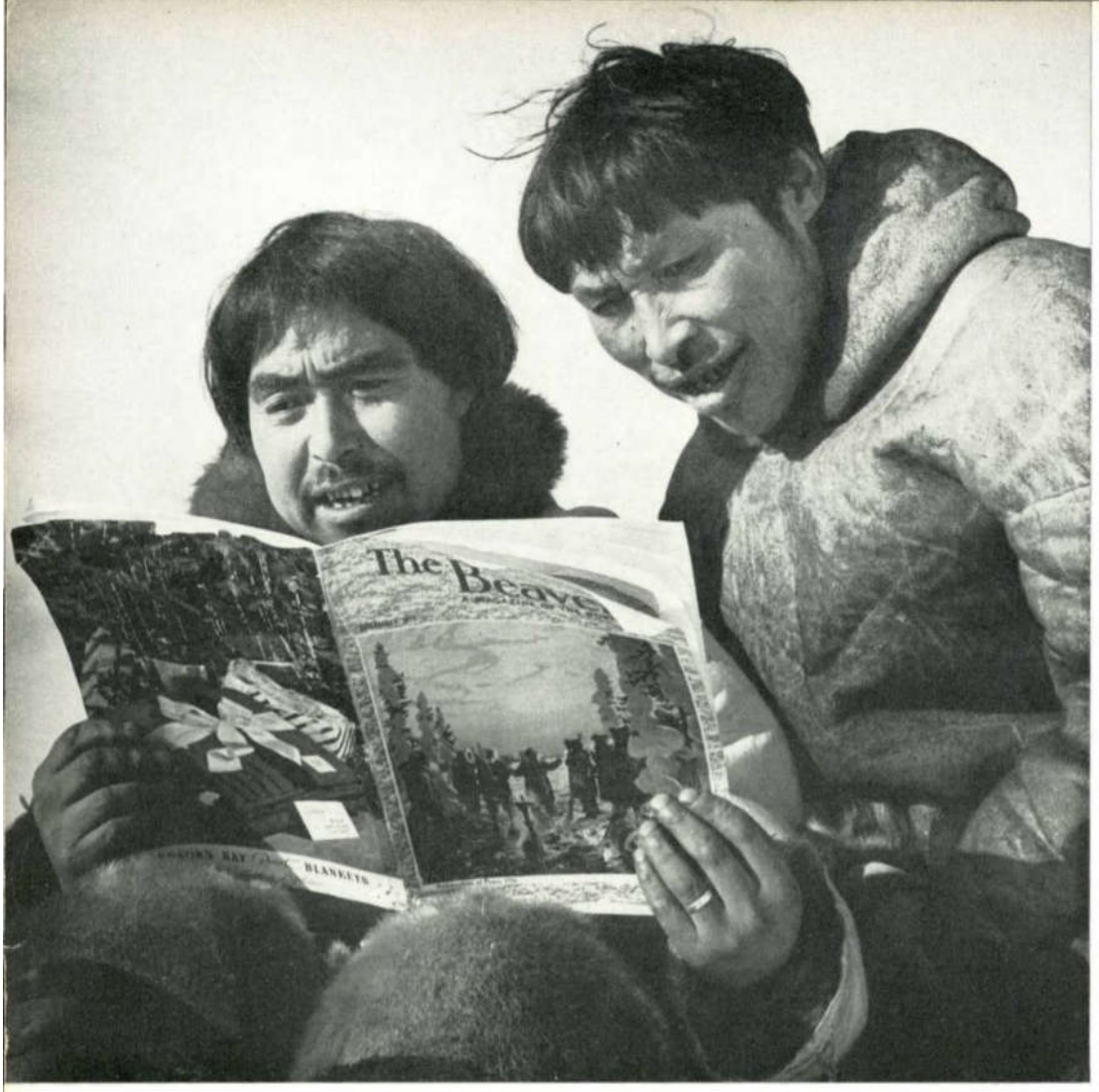
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

JUNE 1953

C.G.S. "C. D. Howe" Stephen J. Murphy



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Reader interest at Igloolik.

R. Harrington

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Canada's Queen

and some of her northern subjects

Photos by Dorothy Wilding and Richard Harrington

ENTER the EUROPEAN

I—Into the South Pacific

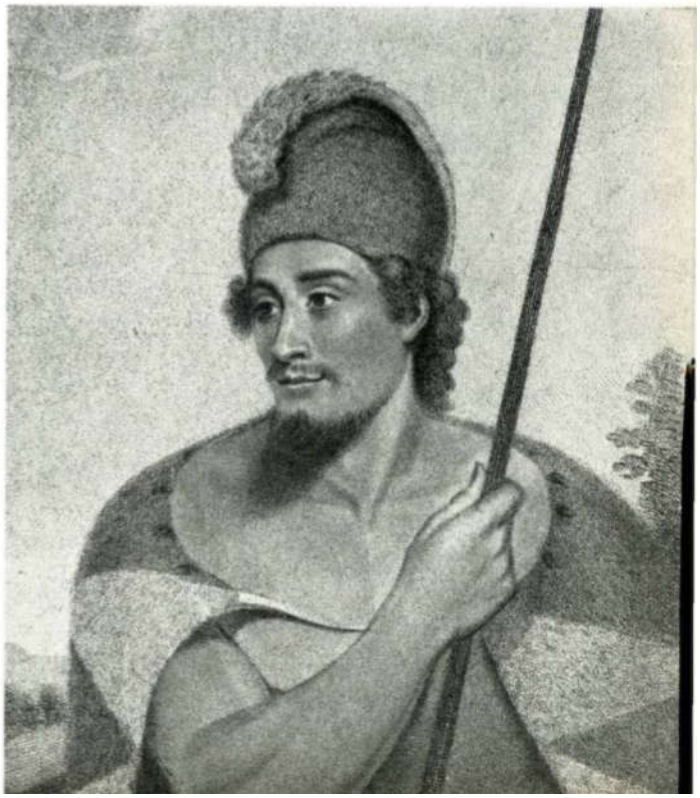
by Margaret Mead

The dilemma, confronting western man in his dealings with primitive peoples, varies little from one part of the world to another. Here the "Beaver" presents an account of this contact by Margaret Mead, the distinguished American anthropologist and expert on the South Pacific. Later articles by other anthropologists, specialists in their own fields, will contribute to the discussion at present taking place in this country involving the fast moving developments in Canada's own northland.

THE meetings between western man—explorers, whalers, traders, missionaries, gold miners, recruiters, anthropologists—and the peoples of the Pacific Islands make one of the most romantic stories in modern history, a story given a special colouring by its special circumstances—the beauty of the islands, each one unknown and uncharted until some ship chanced upon it; the natives, more often clothed in flowers and shell garlands and feathers than in anything their discoverers called clothes; the special products, sandalwood, whales, pearls. When men travel slowly over land in a new country, they know many days, sometimes many months, beforehand of the peoples they will meet; but in the Pacific a ship might sail for days on the still, exquisite blue—then suddenly an island, a group of people no detail of whose lives had been glimpsed before. The ship's half-starved wretched crew, sick with scurvy, longing for land and green growing things, found each island a paradise, and the legends of the Garden of Eden blended with tales of the beaches of Hawaii and Samoa. Where the American Indian contributed to Europe the myth of the noble savage as a man of unblemished bravery and honour, the South Seas contributed to the myth of a golden age when food was so plentiful that man had but to reach out his hand to fulfill any of his simple needs.

Within this romantic framework there has been enacted an extraordinary drama of contact, enacting each aspect of the European's and Euro-American's attitude toward people who seemed simpler than they. In the period of first exploration, Europeans, driven by the expanding vigour of the sixteenth century, set out to discover new worlds, touching briefly at island after island, claiming each one for this monarch or that, sometimes leaving a sick sailor ashore to be nursed by the natives, who might die in hundreds from the disease he carried, sometimes engaging in small bloody skirmishes that would leave their mark on native-European relations for decades to come. Captain Cook's voyages came at the end of this period, the Captain himself being slain in Hawaii for violating a native taboo.

"Tianna, a Prince of Atooi, one of the Sandwich Islands." From Meares' voyages of the 1780s.



Margaret Mead, Ph.D. (Columbia) is associate curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, New York. She is the author of a dozen books and many articles on anthropological subjects.

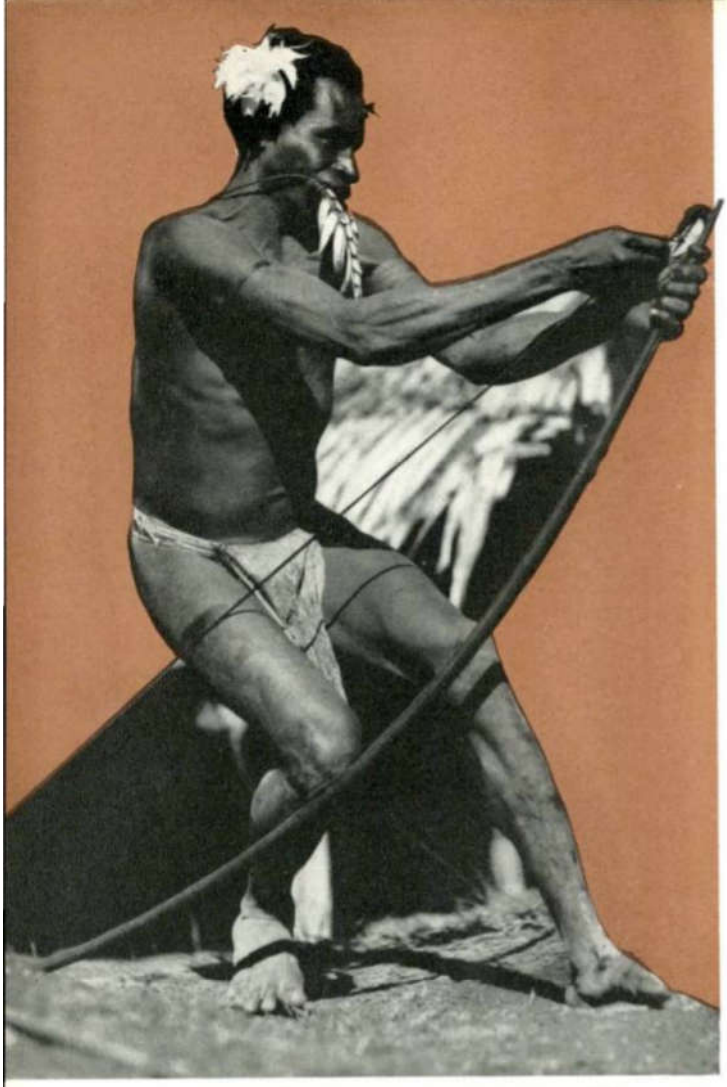
The death of Captain Cook in Hawaii, 1779. After the painting by G. Carter.

The period of exploration was marked on both sides by amazement. The natives marvelled at the great white ships ("cloud-bursters," the Samoans called the strangers), the Europeans at the strange religious beliefs, the feather garments, the intricate tattooing of the natives. They brought back the words *taboo* and *tattoo* to add to the English language.

In the wake of the explorers came the whalers and traders, seeking to tap the resources of sea and island, interested in the natives as people they might persuade to dive for pearls, collect sandalwood, or work at whale-oil rendering. Fur-traders from the English East India Company made regular stops at the islands for sandalwood for the China trade. Into the islands these traders took calico, rum, muskets, knives, hatchets, and trinkets, and also tuberculosis and epidemic diseases like measles. A few white men stayed on the islands, helping this native chief or that turn himself into a "king" with the help of muskets.

Behind these far-voyaging traders came the missionaries, some stirred by the vision of sinfulness called up by the pictures of island orgies brought back by the sailors, some touched by the innocence of these children of nature, some horrified by the tales of cannibalism and human sacrifice. It was the missionaries' definition of Christianity as a religion which includes the ways of life of the west—reading and writing, clothes and currency, the restriction to the authorities of the dealing out of punishment, the private ownership of land as distinct from an ownership lodged in a group (a clan or an extended family), the concept of sin—which gave the pattern of change. But although the missionaries by establishing a semblance of a western world did provide a context within which more cloth was needed for clothes, more western tools and utensils were valued, they also waged a war against the lusty, spirits-imbibing, free-booting sailors who had been accustomed to go ashore and have their way with the women of the islands.

Much has been written of the destructive effect of missions on South Seas culture, of how natives unused to clothes stayed in their wet shirts and died of pneumonia, and of how on some islands the people, deprived of all their gay and complex, though often savage ceremonials, simply died out, uninterested in reproducing themselves in a world that had lost its zest. But it was also the missionary who cried out against careless and ruthless exploitation of the natives, who paved the way and provided the backing for settled governments to be set up, and who taught the natives enough of the arts of the west so that in time they could begin to stand up for their own rights, require an accounting from the trade store, bargain for their labor,



A native of New Guinea strings his bow. His meagre fare was supplemented by maize and tomatoes, the seeds of which were once brought to Europe from America, and are now eagerly taken by these people from western man.

and in the mid-twentieth century send deputations to international congresses, with spokesmen able to speak on a Pacific-wide platform.

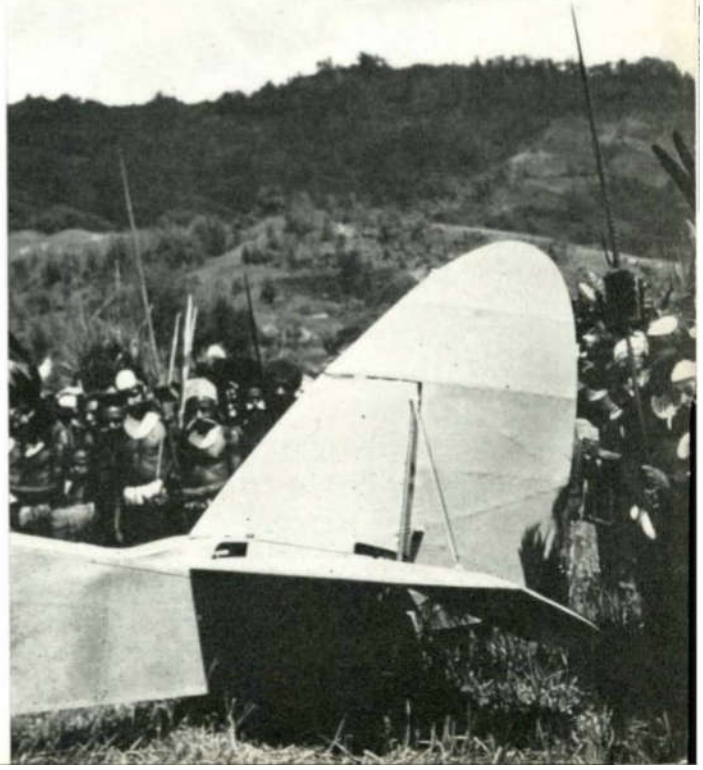
From the Euro-American side the picture can be sketched in broadly. Contact between whaler and native can be described in a few sentences, even when that contact embraced peoples of many diverse cultures and languages. So can the later period after contact with New Guinea began, when natives of Melanesia and New Guinea were "blackbirded," lured aboard ship and taken off to the Australian corn fields or the plantations of Samoa. Later, after World War I and the establishment of trusteeships, careful rules of indentured labor were set up, enforced by imprisonment of runaways; recruiting (with premiums of £20 and £30 a head) took the place of the now disapproved "blackbirding." Within wide areas, the islands controlled by the French, the British, the Dutch, and the Americans, illegal and later legal practices were set up within the entire jurisdiction, and native peoples who differed far more from each other than French from German or Russian from English became "*kanakas*," to be spoken to and with in one

or another of the Pacific *linguae francae*—Pidgin English, Malay, Motuan. The Protestant missions tried learning the native languages and translating the Bible into the local language, but this practice, feasible for Samoa or Tahiti where thousands of people spoke one language, proved impracticable in New Guinea and Melanesia, and so the missionaries often learned one dialect and forced the native converts from neighboring tribes to learn it also—while the *linguae francae* became more and more widespread. Some words like *kanaka* and *kai kai* (food) were known from one end of the Pacific to another. One might find a native of New Britain as a waiter in Indonesia, or bits of Malay spoken far inland in New Guinea, or a Balinese school boy who knew that when King Edward VIII was Prince of Wales he had been called "Prince Charming."

The categories of the west, with its fixed prices, contracts, taxes, penal servitude, sin and redemption, literacy, and loyalty to one national ideal or another, settled slowly down over the diversity of the native peoples, whose beautiful carved canoe prows, clubs inlaid with mother of pearl, helmets made of feathers, cloth of paper mulberry bark, daggers of chased cassowary bone, were all lumped together under the name of "curios." Regular steamship routes and myriad small irregular courses crosscut the Pacific in every direction, as islands changed hands by purchase, by exchange, by conquest.

Experienced traders, local missionaries, knew of course that one people differed enormously from another. Boss boys, catechists, boat crews were recruited from those

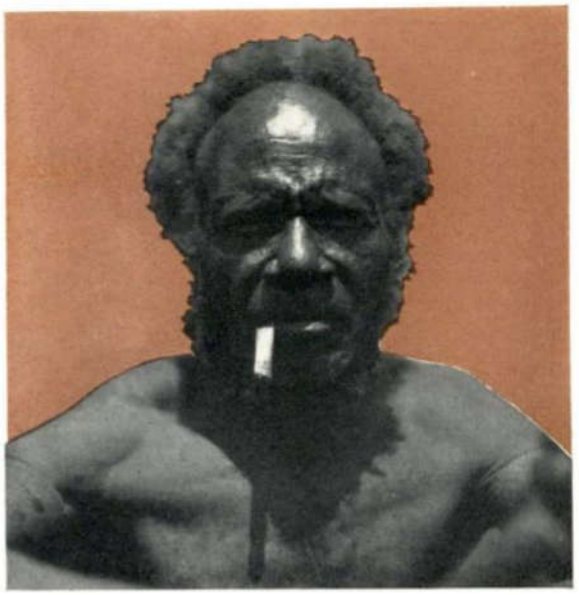
New Guinea natives, in all the primitive glory of bird-of-paradise headdresses, crowd to see the great bird of the white man.
American Museum-Armand Denis
New Guinea Expedition, 1952.



tribes or islands whose members had shown a special fitness for these special tasks. In the larger centres the natives became proletarianized—simply very poor urban workers, barefoot or dressed in the castoff clothes of Europeans.

Meanwhile, a new set of ideas was slowly gaining ground in the world, in the councils of government and mission, in places where labour practices were discussed and planned. The early missionaries had introduced ideas of individual human worth, and the early governments had attempted to introduce standards of protection of individual persons. So native warfare was put down, after the initial period when it had flourished, helped on by the new muskets and ammunition. Human sacrifice, headhunting, and cannibalism were made into crimes, and even where "the King's writ did not run," white men were prosecuted if they injured natives. All of these reforms, both of native practice and of the practices of the invading and conquering group, were organized around the idea of individual worth. The struggle was to treat an islander—barefoot, clad only in a barkcloth G-string or the skin of a flying fox—as an individual with dignity and human rights, someone who might, in a British colony, be defended by a lawyer appointed by the Crown, or be sent through medical school in a Dutch colony.

But slowly another point of view was coming to the fore, also the point of view based on the science of anthropology, the recognition that a most significant part of each individual human being's humanity is the *culture* within which he has been born and reared, the insistence that the destruction of the whole fabric of learned behaviour which distinguished a Samoan from a Tongan and both from a

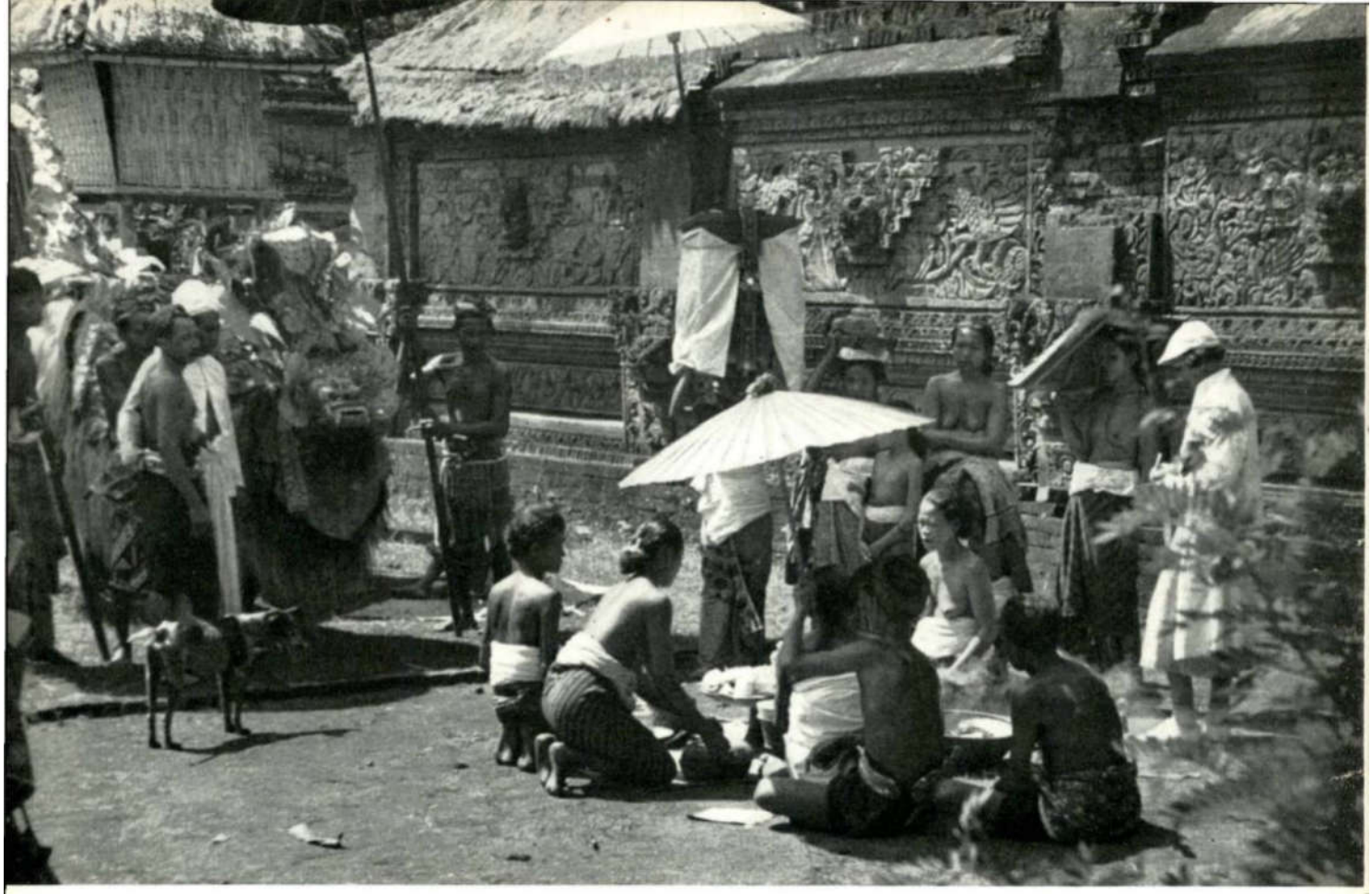


A hard-bitten sorcerer from the New Guinea mountains, stark naked save for a cigarette made from the London "Times."

Baining of Blanche Bay or a Trobriand Islander amounted, in fact, almost to the destruction of the humanity of those who lived within these different social traditions.

From the beginning of the century, professional anthropologists from England, Germany, the Netherlands, and the United States, began supplementing the work done earlier by the enthusiastic amateurs who had been caught by the beauty of an Hawaiian chant or the grandeur of a Maori myth. After World War I, the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, the University of Sydney, organized a great amount of field work until—to the old trio of trader, government official, and missionary—there was added in many areas a new western profession with which everyone was acquainted—anthropologist.

Under the League of Nations Mandate, a government anthropologist appointed for the Mandated Territory of New Guinea set the style of anthropological intervention in the process of cultural change by persuading the fierce headhunters to abandon the demand that to be a man a boy must take a human head, and to substitute the killing of a wild boar. Papua followed suit with authority given to anthropologists. Extensive studies were initiated to guide government in its policies in dealing with members of different tribes. The German missionaries were given courses in anthropology. Young Australian government officials were sent down to Sydney University as cadets, to learn about such unfamiliar subjects as kinship rules or how to understand native land tenure or native rules of inheritance. Young Dutch district officers were trained in native law—*adat*—in Dutch universities. A new set of specialists, few in number but strategically placed, were teaching, writing, advising. Beside the trader who had brought European goods, the government official who brought European standards of law, the missionary who came to emphasize the value of the individual soul, the physician who under the auspices of mission, government, and foundation, brought remedies for malaria, for hook-



At this temple ceremony in Bali, then under Netherlands rule, the ancient dragon on the left, imported from China, was honoured in a ritual of Hindu origin by worshippers wearing cloth woven in Manchester in imitation of Javanese Batik, and kneeling under an umbrella made in Japan. The note-taking anthropologist is American.

worm, for leprosy, the prospector who found unguessed-at minerals, stood the anthropologist, emphasizing that it was fatal to destroy suddenly—without careful planning for substitutions and transitions to the new—the fabric of the individual cultures.

By-product of this anthropological work has been a great enriching of western knowledge about the potentialities of human behaviour, a matter on which the most ignorant savage on the remotest isle can contribute as much or more than the inhabitants of modern cities. To the ethic demanding that the western explorer-conquerors should recognize men's civic rights, their economic needs, their souls and their bodies, was added the demand that their cultures also be respected. It looked in 1939 as if the Pacific Island peoples would develop slowly, while governments, becoming more aware of their responsibilities, more sensitive to the findings of scientists, would seek to put into practice precautionary measures to cushion the transition from the old ways of life to the new.

Then came World War II, the conflict between Japan and the West which had hung like a never-forgotten storm cloud over the consciousness of all of us who spent the period between the two wars somewhere in the Pacific. The drama that had once been enacted on the beaches of small coral atolls was re-enacted in the unexplored interiors of the large islands, or among peoples who like the Balinese had been able to maintain their own civilization relatively untouched by the West. Like the ships of old coming unannounced over the horizon, planes came down out of the sky. Village boys from England and Canada and the United States, almost as innocent of any knowledge of history and anthropology as had been Cook's sailors, were set down overnight among people who had never seen a white man before, and who stood, stone club in hand, thunderstruck before the miracle of the airplane. Among large populations where the Japanese were in control, nationalism was fanned into flames. Where our troops were installed, the native women were hustled off to a great distance, the native men worked on air strips and watched the wonders of technology, the incredible speed with which jungle was cleared, and encampments and hangars erected.

And at the same time, during and just after the war, a new political conscience was stirring in the world, as one by one the great colonial powers voluntarily gave up, or were forced to relinquish, their hold on peoples who had outgrown the period of western tuition. In Japan and Germany, the West preached the principles of representative government for everyone.

A baby's temper tantrum is the same the world over. This one was in Bali.

All this has had its repercussions in the Pacific in intensified research, experiment with different forms of western political organizations—village councils, "women's clubs" among women who twenty years ago wore only a pair of grass aprons, representative assemblies. From the natives' side there has come an increasing demand for schooling in English, for better tools and equipment. "Why," they ask, "should we use axes to clear the bush when a bulldozer would do it in an hour?" Youthful enthusiasts in Indonesia lament the absence of such institutions as community restaurants and form "students' associations" even in places where there is as yet no university! In the absence of shipping—for the bulk of Pacific shipping was destroyed during the war—everyone travels by plane; men and mail travel fast and far, but goods are slow to reach their destination.

And to the anthropologist, the specialist in how human cultures function and how they change, a new task is given. Where twenty years ago we cautioned and counselled in favour of a process of slowing down contact, letting each generation learn a little more than the last, keeping village life intact, and encouraging local labour rather than far-flung recruiting—now, forced by events, we must focus our attention on how to implement the changes rapidly enough, how to smooth and yet speed the transition from the headhunting men's house, hung about with decorated skulls, to the council seriously planning ways of utilizing technicians under the Colombo Plan, and the paraphernalia of western political government—from life limited to an island, to life lived in the Pacific region of a rapidly narrowing world. ◆

Twenty-five years ago when Dr. Mead took this picture the Stone-Age Admiralty Islanders lived by fishing. Now they demand bulldozers to clear their land.

Peers on the Prairie

by James McCook

Cartoons by
James Simpkins

"Lord Southesk . . . as much interested in books as in buffalo . . . "

In the 19th Century several British noblemen came to hunt buffalo in the Canadian West. And the West was duly amused and amazed.

IN 1841 the West welcomed its first titled tourists, Lord Caledon and Lord Mulgrave, young men eager to hunt buffalo, who travelled from Lachine to Fort Garry with Sir George Simpson. The Governor hurried on around the world after seeing they obtained guides to take them through Sioux country to St. Peter's on the Mississippi, a journey completed by Caledon after Mulgrave became indisposed and returned to Fort Garry from the plains.

Douglas MacKay in *The Honourable Company* says that Sir George was "sublimely happy" to have the young hunters with him, and he was able to report later that Caledon had gained "golden opinions among the hunters by his courage, skill and affability."

The two adventurers were the first of a colourful company to cross the Atlantic in search of health and sport. In 1859 the 32-year-old Earl of Southesk arrived to baffle his frontier companions by being as much interested in books as buffalo. He was the first to leave a detailed record of his prairie and mountain journeys and he set a pattern of bull-headedness and eccentricity, imperiousness and generosity forever after expected of the peer on the prairie.

In 1862 Lord Dunmore hunted in the Cypress Hills area with three brother Guards officers; while at the same time, on a separate and well-documented expedition, with its hilarious moments, the impetuous young Lord Milton was riding across the plains with his harassed companion, Dr.

James McCook is parliamentary correspondent for the *Ottawa Journal*. His interest in the history of the prairies stems from his days as a reporter with the Calgary *Albertan* and the Regina *Star*.

W. B. Cheadle, who wrote with relish in his diary that he had seen the first case of frostbite on Jan. 4, 1863, on the tip of Milton's nose.

In 1863 Lord Dunmore was back at Fort Garry in time to travel to the hunting grounds with Count Arrigo de Castiglione Maggiore, chamberlain of the King of Sardinia, who told Hudson's Bay Company officers he would travel to the Pacific Coast, hunting buffalo; then he whispered he also had a secret political mission for his king.

Dunmore loaned the count an experienced guide, Joseph McDonald, who in 1908 recalled the journey through to Astoria via the Kootenay Pass. What the King of Sardinia wanted to know about Canada, and the report he received, would make pretty reading. Dunmore, who was not a writing man, left no record of what he learned from his companion during their weeks together on the prairie before the valiant chamberlain headed westward through the Rockies.

No wonder the West was bewildered and entertained by the peers! They voluntarily exposed themselves to hardship but could explode over trifles. Lord Lathom, his great, greying beard floating down to his waist, visited the Oxley ranch 30 miles north of Fort McLeod in 1883 to examine an establishment in which he had a substantial interest. Out on the prairie he bawled his wrath at John R. Craig, the ranch manager, because he had "borrowed money from shopkeepers to carry on our ranching." The distracted Mr. Craig, who describes his tribulations with the nobility and their associates in *Ranching with Lords and Commons*, had merely arranged credit with I. G. Baker and Company when money was slow coming from England.

"Lord Lathom . . . bawled his wrath at the ranch manager."

A Lord Avonmore turned up for the Yukon Gold Rush and in Edmonton became known as a convivial soul. In no time he was christened "Lord 'ave-one-more."

With the North West Mounted Police was a constable named Rosencrantz who in due course returned to Denmark to take over his estates as Count Rosencrantz. He enjoyed showing visitors to his castle a family tree to prove that an ancestor went to England in Shakespeare's time with a friend named Guildenstern. (*vide Hamlet.*)

Count William Bernstorff, son of the German ambassador to the United Kingdom, started to serve out his time as a Hudson's Bay apprentice clerk on the prairies in 1874, complete with large military moustache, later going on to British Columbia via the Yellowstone Pass.

To the westerners the wandering blue-blood hunters were enigmas. They travelled for pleasure. They did not seek souls or furs or glory. They were wealthy and chose discomfort. When his men stopped to cut spare axletrees at a grove between Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle, the Earl of Southesk sat in his tent listening to the rain, read Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, then wrote these reflections:

"This open-air life suits me well, though, when one considers it bit by bit, it does not seem so very charming. Long wearisome riding, indifferent, monotonous eating, no sport to speak of, hard bed upon the ground, wet, no companion of my own class; nevertheless I am happier than I have been for years."

Southesk was kind. On his way out of the Rocky Mountains he came down the Bow River and was touched by the poverty of the Stoney Indians, gave them gifts and had them send two young men with him to Edmonton, leading packhorses which returned laden with his gifts of blankets, ammunition and other supplies.

He had to have his way. During their weary trek through the mountains his guides held numerous consultations in Cree, and Southesk suspected a plot "to leave the mountains by the easiest and plainest road, instead of exploring the finer and less-traversed routes, according to my frequently expressed desire." He pulled them up short.

"I pointed out to [James] McKay, that though in ordinary cases the guide was the proper person to settle camp arrangements, my sport and pleasure were the objects of the present journey and . . . I sometimes preferred inferior sites, on account of the beauty of the scenery."

His devotion to his books was such that his guides often must have called him from his tent to join the hunt for convenient game. An addendum to the account of his journey, *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains*, contains 47 pages devoted to reflections on Shakespeare's works, Bunsen's *Hippolytus*, on a sermon, and the general subject of *Patience and God's Providence*, all written during hard travel. He read and pondered *Troilus and Cressida, Hamlet, Much Ado About Nothing, Macbeth, Titus Andronicus, The Merchant of Venice* (on Kootenay Plain); *Romeo and Juliet* (while near starvation at Old Bow Fort); Bulwer's *My Novel* (luxuriating in the comforts of Fort Edmonton); *Othello* (while "excessively cold" near Fort

Pelly with the tears from his running eyes freezing as they dropped on the pages) and the sober *North British Review* (after an exhausting journey near Jasper: "I believe intellectual reading, in moderation, to be a rest for the body after hard labour; it seems to act as a counter-irritant, drawing off fatigue from the muscles to the brain").

The only book receiving much attention in the 1862-63 Lord Milton-Dr. Cheadle adventure is Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, carried by the absurd Professor O'Byrne on their madcap mountain journey from Fort Edmonton to Fort Kamloops. This cowardly derelict attached himself as a deadweight to the party at Edmonton and it was a measure of their lack of good sense that Milton and Cheadle permitted him to go along. Whenever trouble or work appeared, the professor buried himself in his book. Dr. Cheadle must have purred when, at a dangerous hour on their hard journey, the professor came to him and said "he loathed Paley, whom he looked upon as a special pleader." He added that the book had preserved his wits during the trials of the journey so far and now, deprived of that consolation, "there could be but one horrible result—madness." But after they had obtained fresh meat and O'Byrne had eaten well, "the one-eyed spectacles again stole on to his nose, Paley again came forth from the pocket of the clerical coat, and he was presently absorbed in theology once more."

O'Byrne is one of the amusing characters in Western history but there is no evidence that Lord Milton, or anyone else he encountered, thought him so at the time.

Milton, aged 23 and considered something of a scholar at home, could act like a spoiled brat in the wilderness. Dr. Cheadle, 27 and a responsible man who became a distinguished physician in later life, found his winter with Milton in a cabin about 80 miles northeast of Fort Carlton, almost too much to bear. Milton would lounge in his bed, complain, give liquor to the Indians and become too intimately associated with less respectable tribesmen and their women. He roused himself to make the Christmas pudding which was "very good" despite the gun caps and buckshot found in it. In the real difficulties of the mountain journey Milton, like the other peripatetic peers, appeared to greater advantage, although at times he was sick and sulky and hard to rouse in the morning.

But he must have had some patience. Here is Cheadle's account of a night at their prairie cabin:

"LaRonde makes up his mind to get drunk, having had a dream to that effect. Other Indians arrive. He treats them. Encamp outside; I sleep there, too. Singing and howling all night and I say never any more of this. Bruneau nearly mad with drink. Pulls Milton out of bed four times for liquor. At last Milton kicks him out; very indignant."

While Milton and Cheadle were pulling out of Fort Garry, Lord Dunmore with his guardsmen friends from Montreal was further west hunting buffalo. The two groups almost came together once out on the prairie. On Sept. 1, 1862, Dr. Cheadle received a message which said Lord Dunmore was ill at Fort Ellice and would the doctor come at once.

". . . kicks him out; very indignant."

Cheadle rode hard for nearly three days, covering 110 miles, to find Dunmore had thought he had jaundice, had recovered and pushed on westwards. "Rather provoking to us after our forced marches to his relief," wrote Cheadle, who should have been accustomed to this sort of treatment from the irresponsible noblemen.

The chief reason for the peers' expeditions of course was the hunting of buffalo, and the unkind suggestion has been made that they contributed to the destruction of the herds. But, as a writer in the Lethbridge *Herald* said long afterwards, "The few score of buffalo killed by Lord Southesk, Lord Dunmore, Lord Dunraven and others like Lord Milton amounted to scarcely a drop in the bucket of blood that was spilled by Indians on some of their big hunts from 1860 to 1875."

In 1865 John McDougall near Edmonton saw more buffalo than he ever dreamed of, for "the whole prairie was one dense mass." Indeed, it may be doubted if any of the noblemen, in all their travels, killed as many buffalo as the sixty-nine Buffalo Bill Cody brought down in one day in a contest. Southesk, Milton and Dunmore apparently became reasonably efficient buffalo hunters—the first-named being envied for his fine Purdey rifles, one of which rests in a Regina museum today—but often they did not seem to care whether there were buffalo about so long as they could continue their prolonged and uncomfortable journeys.

Southesk, and Milton and Cheadle aroused interest by the books on the West they wrote on their return to the United Kingdom, and they were responsible for other hunters visiting Canada, including the Earl of March, who passed through Fort Garry in 1867 to spend the winter hunting. He built a temporary house near Fort Carlton and included a grizzly with his bag of "many buffalo."

By then, noblemen of the United Kingdom and Europe had become interested in settlement possibilities. In 1867 Lord Elphinstone had a 12-section farm in the Northwest Territories near the Manitoba border with plans for making it a large cattle ranch. In 1885 the Hungarian Count d'Esterhazy was establishing a colony of his countrymen 20 miles northeast of Minnedosa and another at Esterhazy, north of Whitewood. In the same year Lord Boyle, who had settled at Macleod, rode out for railway patrol duty with volunteer forces in the Riel Rebellion.

So many young men of good birth were attracted to the West that the term "paririe fever" became popular in London; but the Canadians who fought in the Rebellion were tired of noblemen in uniform because they were given preferential treatment. Gen. Fred Middleton, the veteran Imperial soldier in command, said bluntly that he liked men of good family around him and made Lord Melgund (later the popular Earl of Minto, Governor General) his chief of staff. Melgund, an efficient and experienced officer, had Hon. Mr. Fiennes, one of French's Scouts, a son of Lord Saye and Sele, as his orderly.

Peers came looking for land, gold, coal and refuge. A few still came for sport. One wrote his experiences for the Badminton Magazine of 1898 under the name of Viscount Kilcoursie, which may or may not have been his real title. He reads like the very epitome of peers on the prairie.

He and his friends each carried 1,000 cartridges, a gun, "a few clothes" and "we were mad keen to kill." They lodged at a farm house near High River and "Eustace insisted on dressing for the coming meal and I thought he was right and did so, too. Why dine dirty because one is 6,000 miles from Piccadilly?" The farmhands, mostly half-breeds, were "much amused." They got 47 brace of duck in one morning. Eustace ran out of ammunition and flung his gun at some geese flying near.

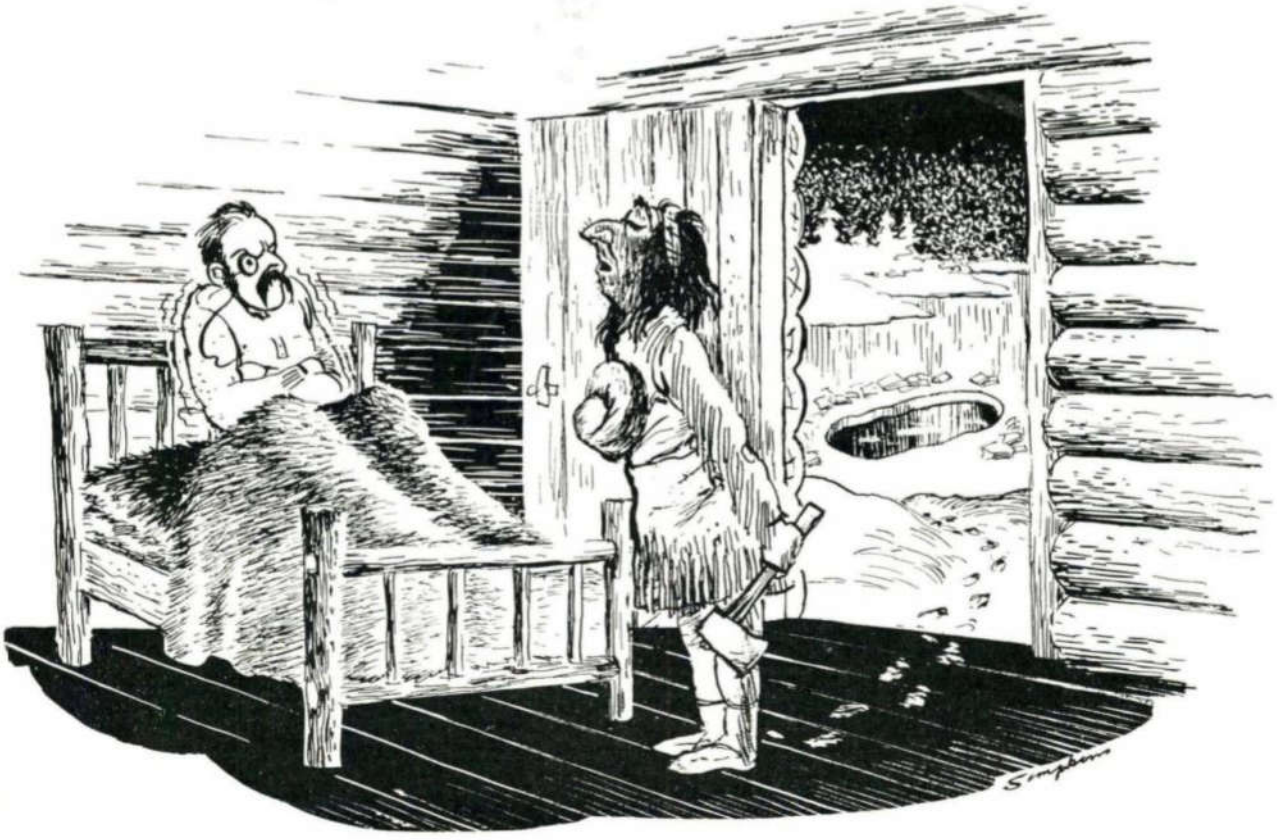
They borrowed horses and hunted coyotes with hounds in November. Kilcoursie himself spoiled one run by giving a loud "Hulloa!" when he sighted the coyote which then vanished before the hounds got near it and Kilcoursie was "rather ashamed."

Once they had to cook their own meal of prairie chicken. "We both cleaned the breasts and the backs of feathers pretty well, but oh ! the wings !" Eustace and the guide cut off the feathered wings and ate the rest.

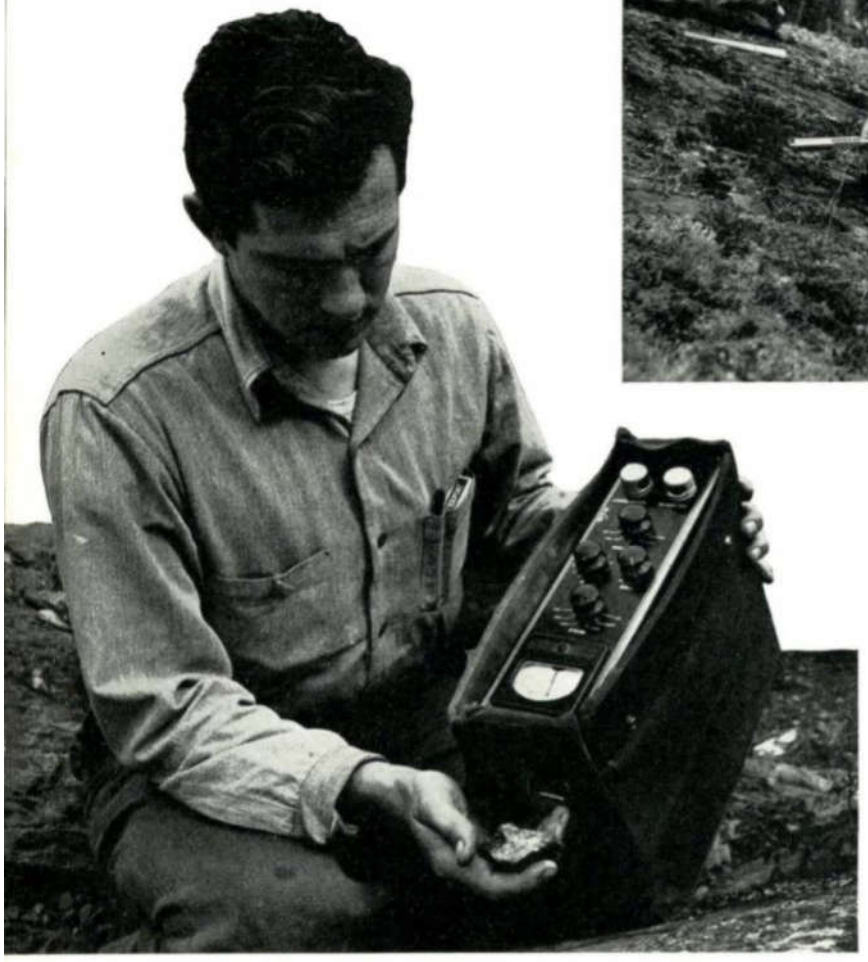
Kilcoursie may have written with his tongue in his cheek—and who can tell when a peer on the prairie did not have his tongue in his cheek?—but he has a thrilling yarn of the Englishman caught in a prairie winter who worries about missing his cold bath in the morning. Eustace and he peered from their bedroom window at the blowing snow and their courage weakened for a moment. But a man must do his duty and out they went to break through six inches of ice on the creek, then in they went.

"That was a wash to remember," wrote Kilcoursie. ◆

Viscount Kilcoursie does not have to miss his morning bath.



1. Right: Dr. A. H. Lang, geologist of the Geological Survey of Canada runs his Geiger counter over the rocks where the presence of uranium has been indicated.



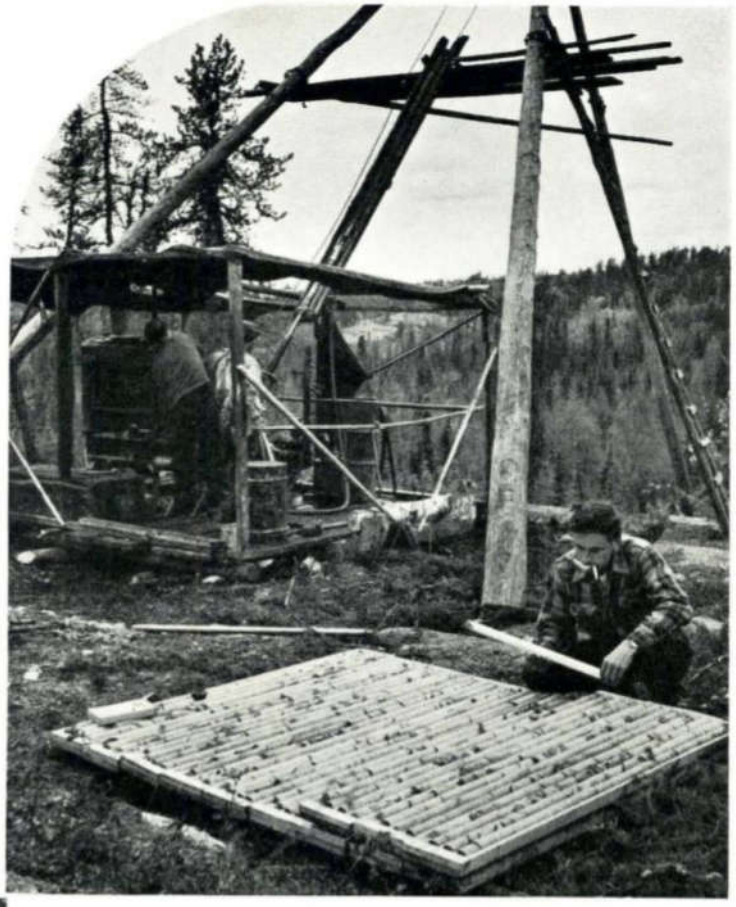
2. With the aid of a Scintillometer—a device invented by Drs. G. M. Brownell, R. W. Pringle and K. I. Roulston of the University of Manitoba—a geologist tests a specimen of pitchblende broken from the nearby rocks.

URANIUM for ATOMIC POWER

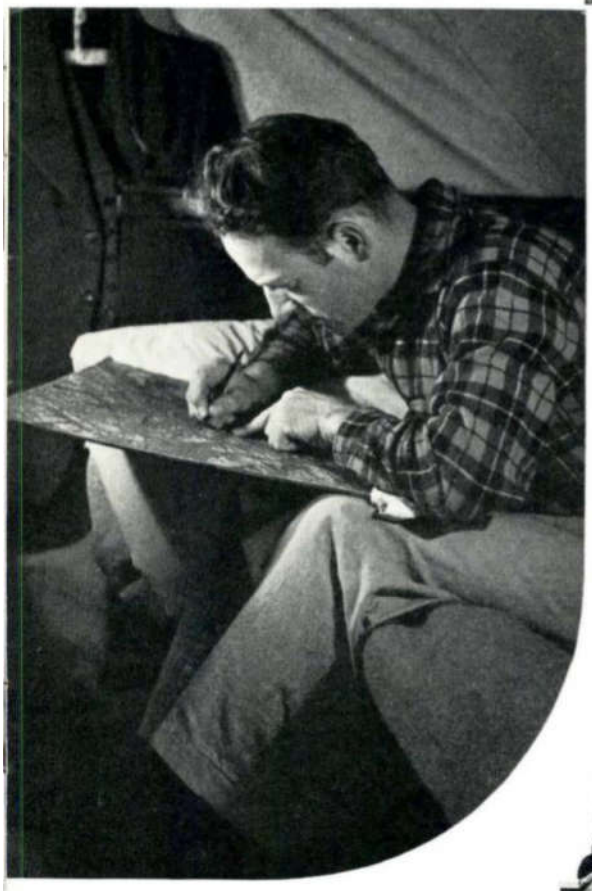
How Uranium is found and extracted from the age-old rocks near Lake Athabasca and Great Bear Lake.

Photographs by George Hunter

George Hunter of Ottawa and Winnipeg flies all over Canada in his own two-seater plane to get air and ground pictures of what is going on. His biggest assignment was six full pages of colour shots of the Missouri River country in "Time" of Sept. 1st, 1952.

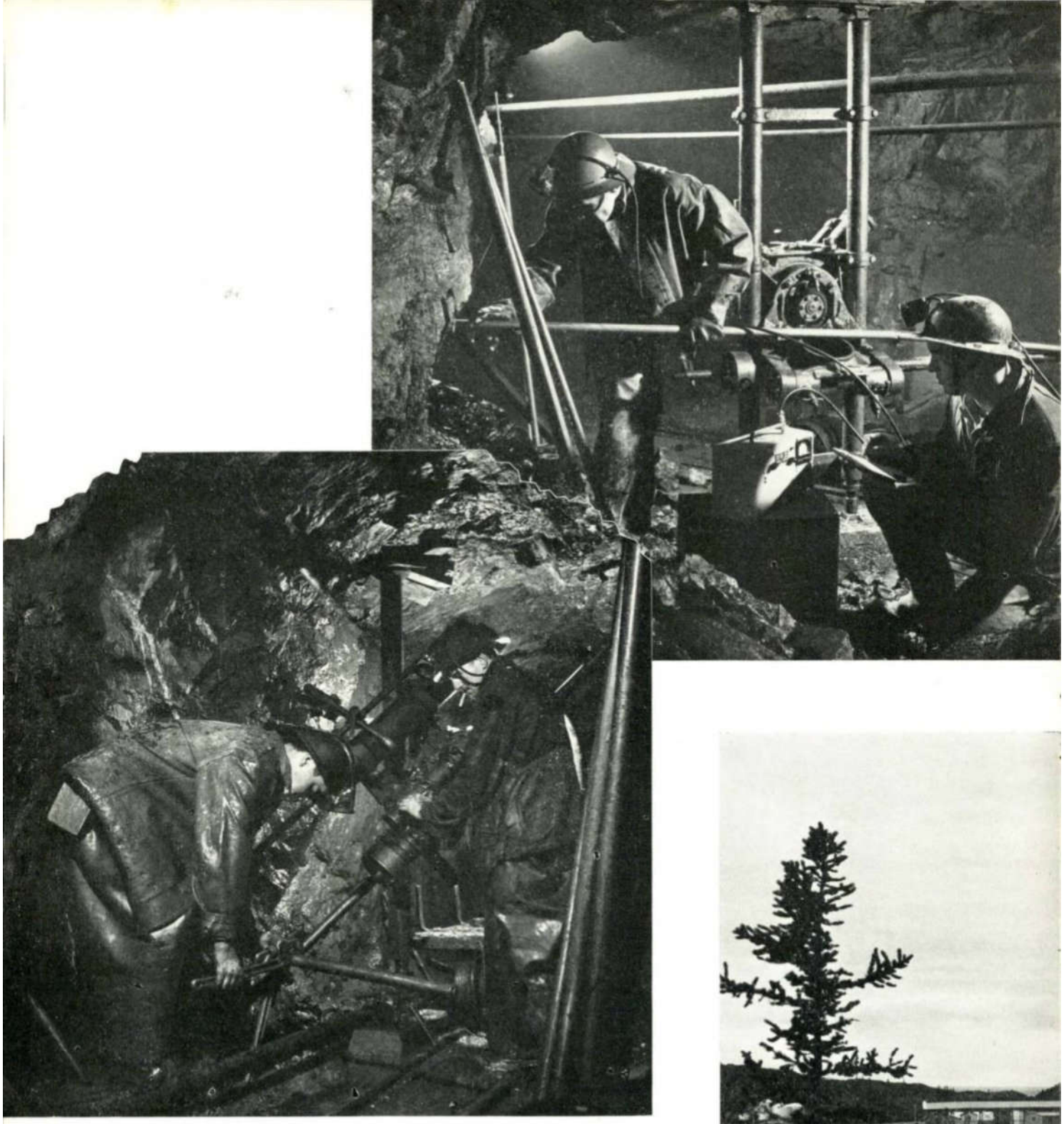


4. Right: Next step is the proving up of various sites by means of diamond drilling. In the foreground are boxes of rock-cores brought up from underground—such as that being examined by the geologist on the right.

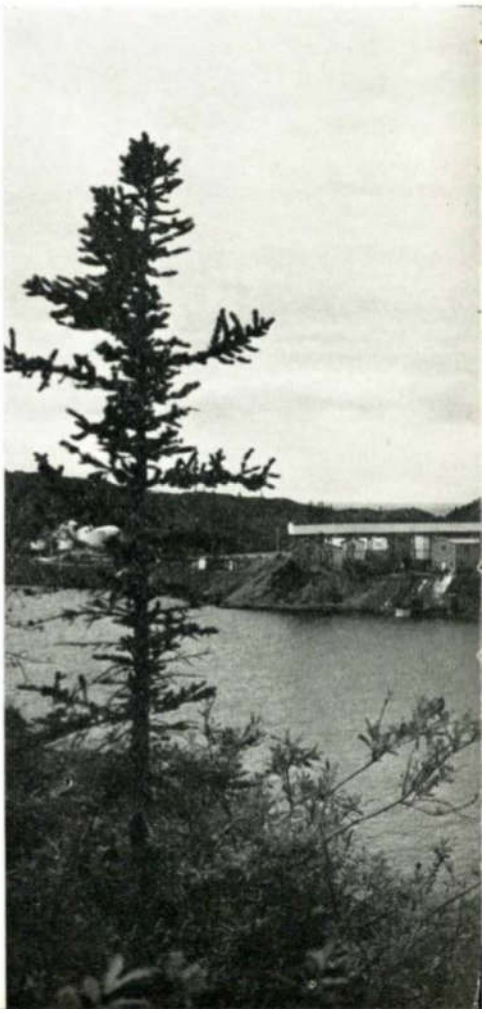


3. At his base camp, Dr. L. P. Tremblay records the results of the day's detailed geological mapping. Note the rock samples in the lower left corner.

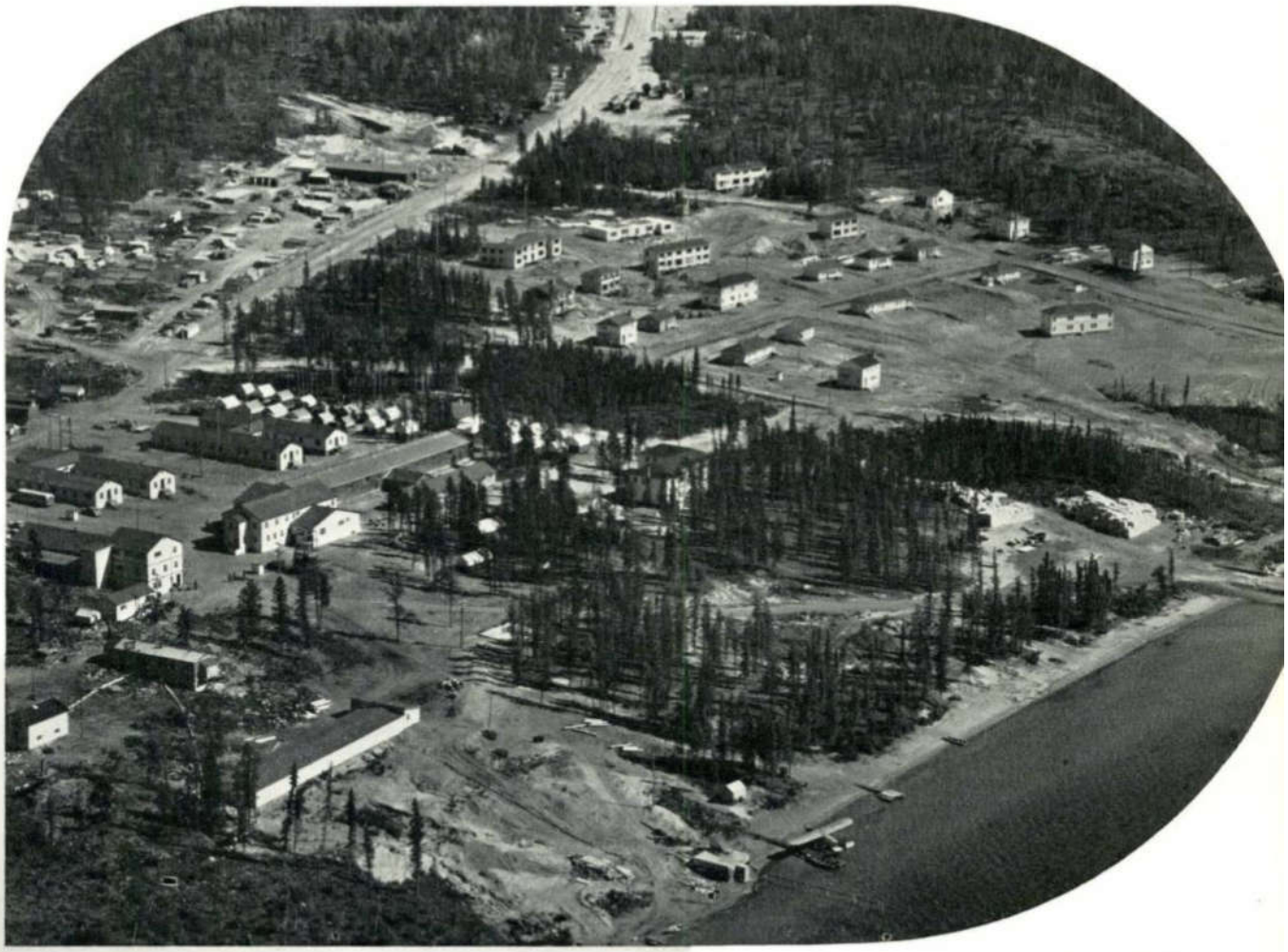
5. After proof is obtained of enough pitchblende to make mining it practicable, a mine is established. Here foreman and assistant study blueprints for the Fay shaft at Beaverlodge under construction in the background.



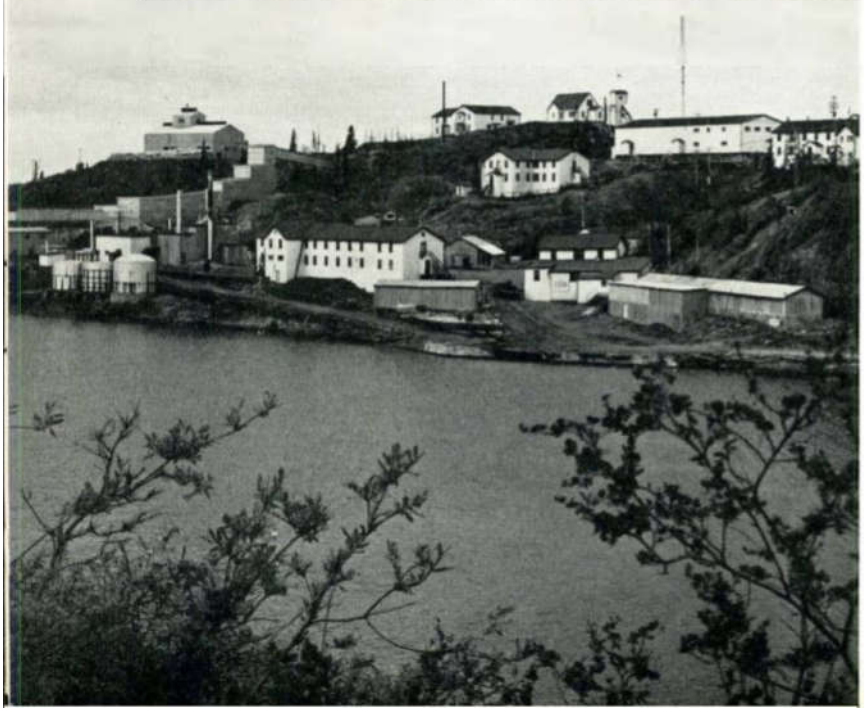
6. Underground in a uranium mine, driller and helper set up a diamond drill to explore the ore bodies.



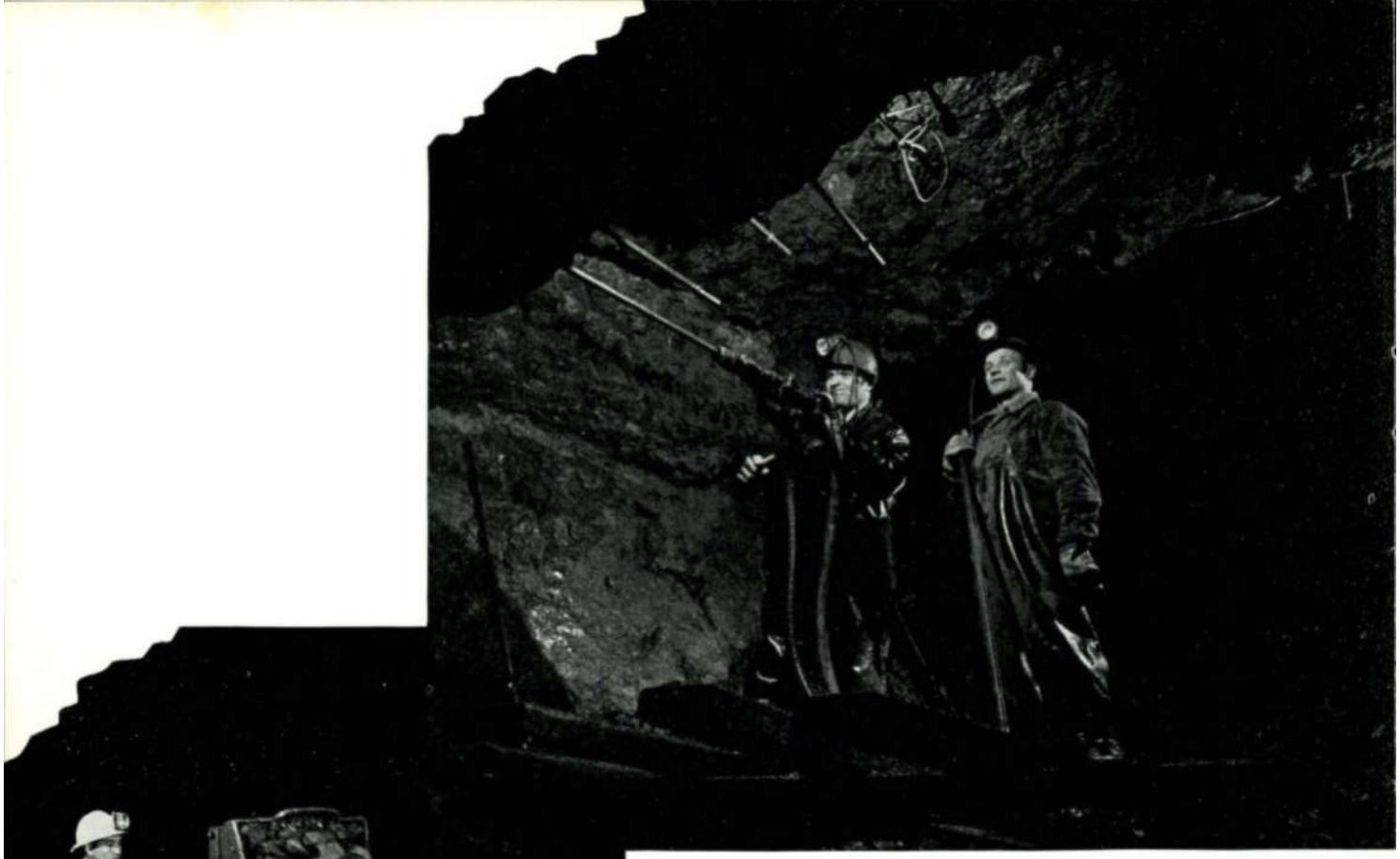
7. Left: To locate veins of pitchblende, an engineer thrusts a Geiger tube into a drill hole, while a geologist watches the dial on the counter. The machine in the background is a diamond drill.



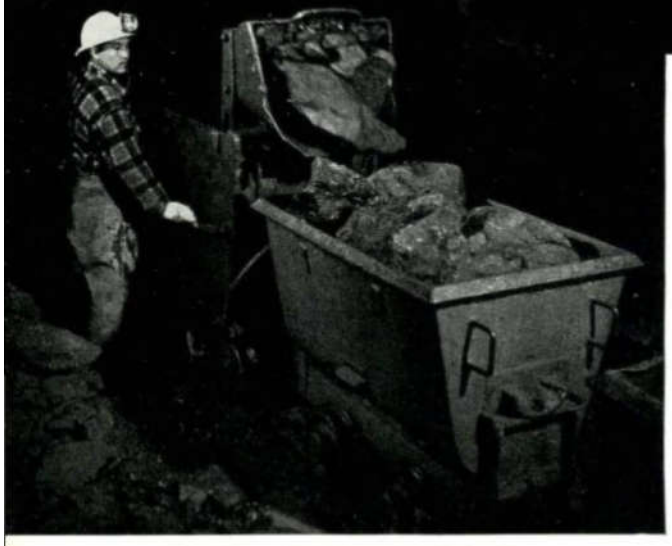
8. Above: Office buildings and bunkhouses (left) and new dwellings rise in the wilderness of northwest Saskatchewan as uranium mining at Beaverlodge gets into its stride. These are on the property of Eldorado Mining and Refining Ltd.



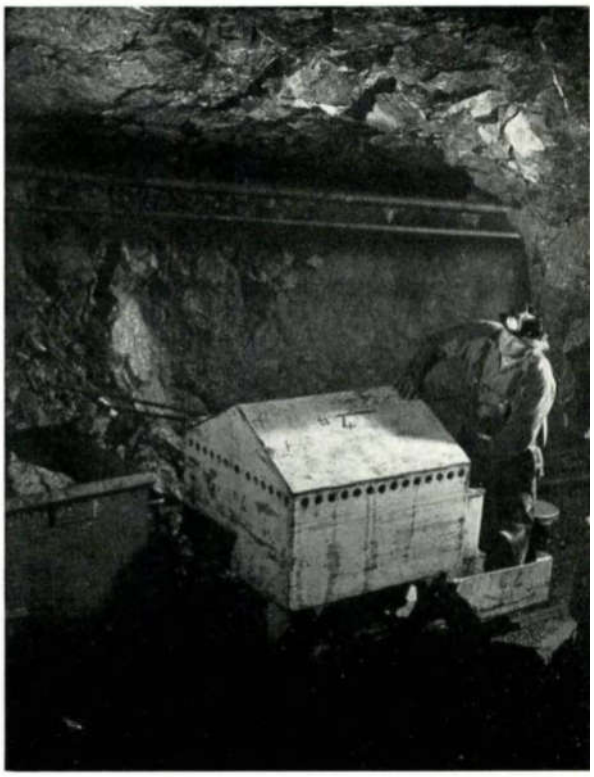
9. The Eldorado company started mining pitchblende at Port Radium on the east coast of Great Bear Lake in 1932. These are some of the company's buildings there.



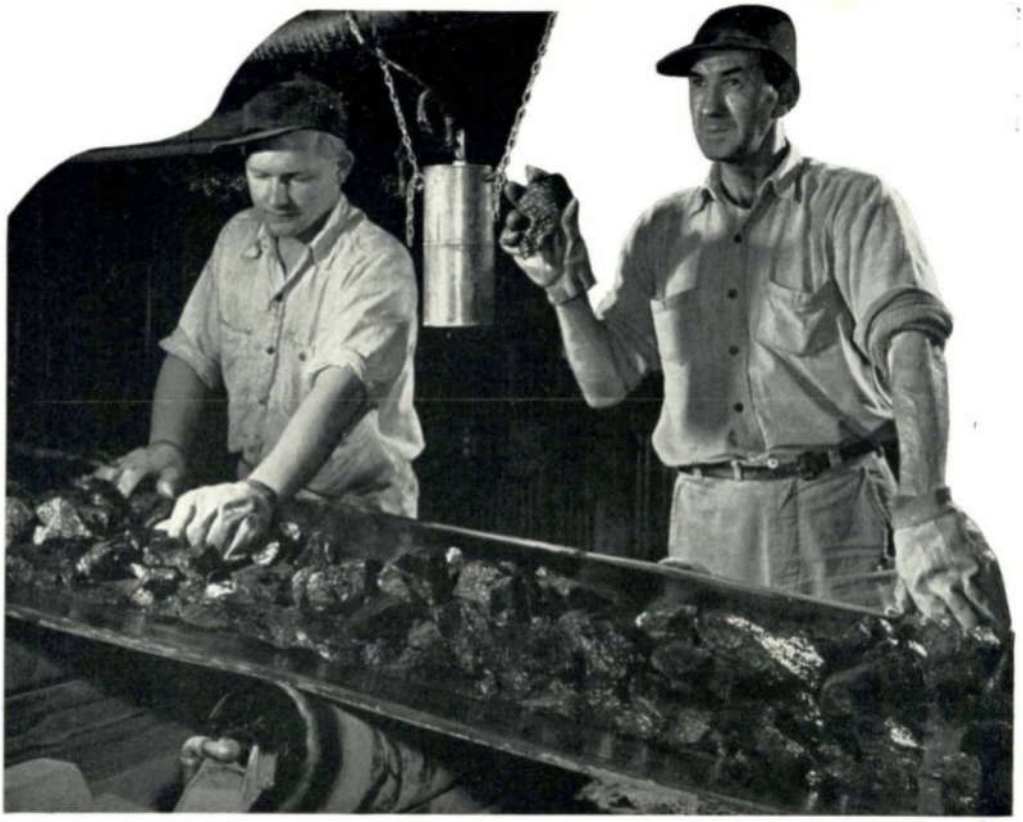
10. In a stope at Port Radium, these men are drilling holes in which dynamite will be loaded.



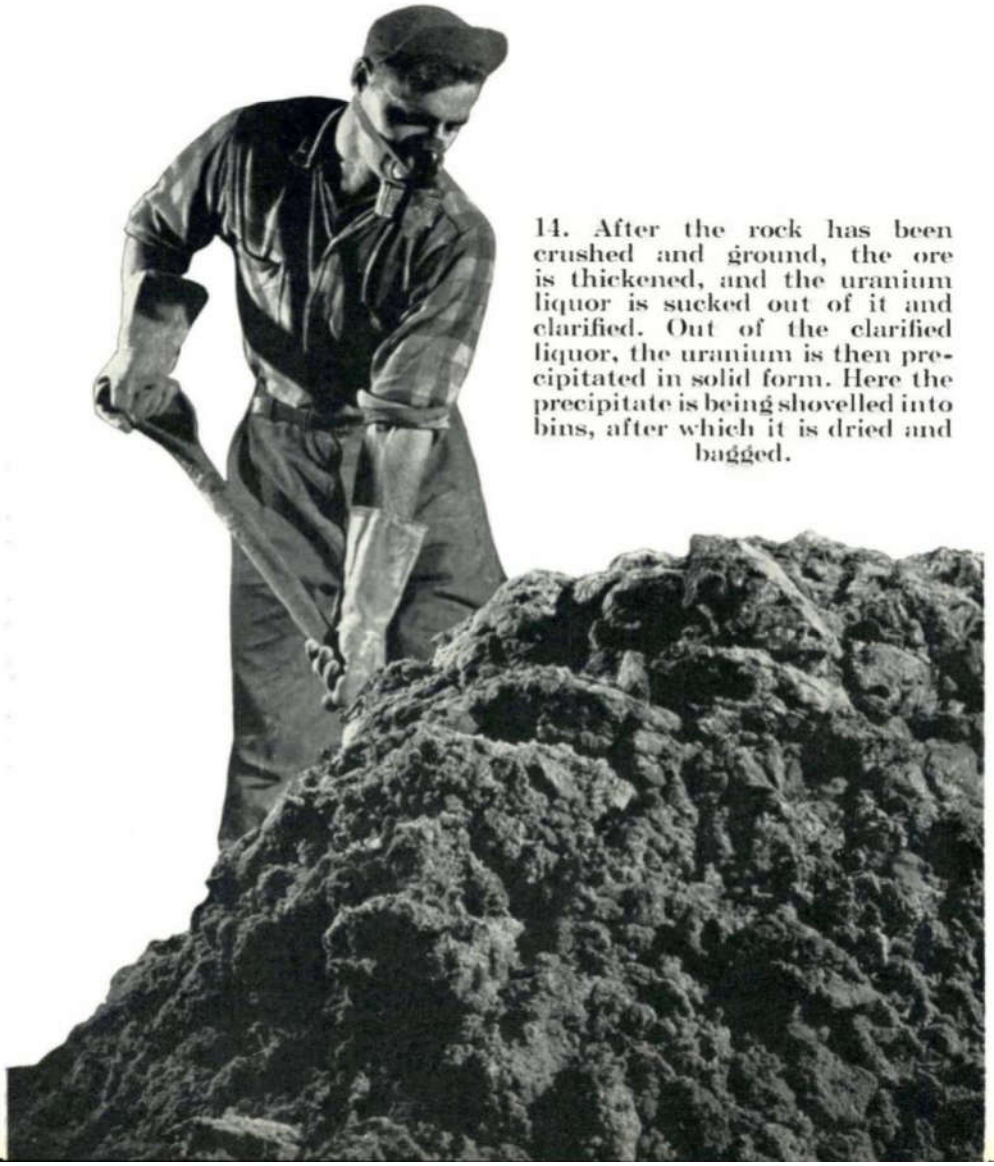
11. After the dynamite blasting is completed, the chunks of rock are scooped up by a mucking machine and dumped in a car.



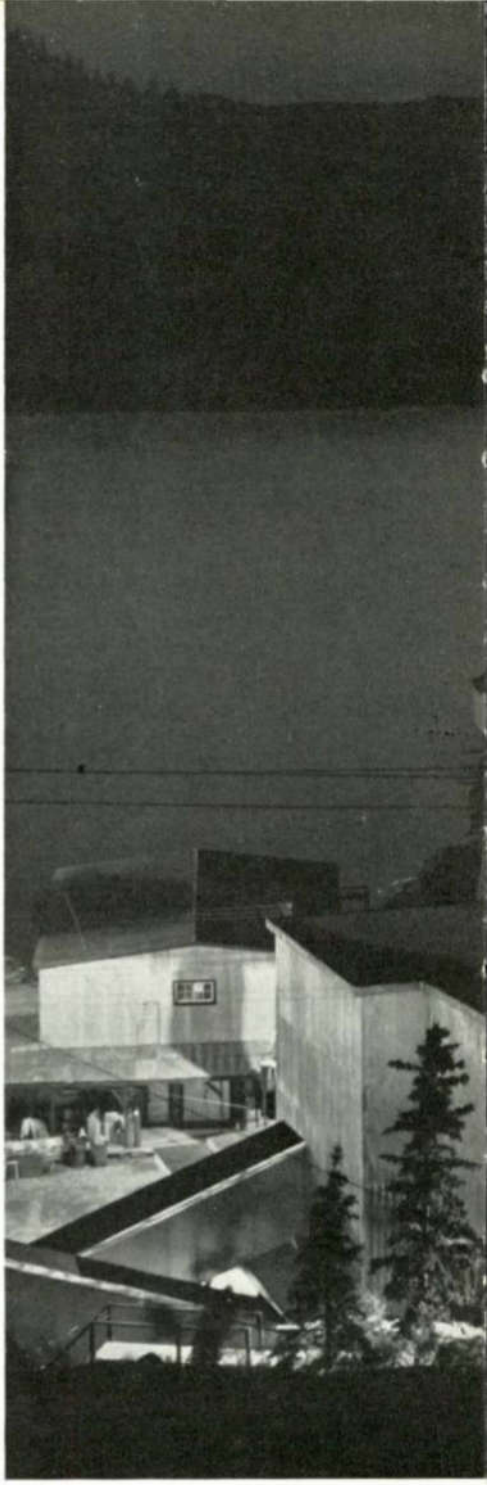
12. The loaded cars are pushed out of the drift by a trammer.



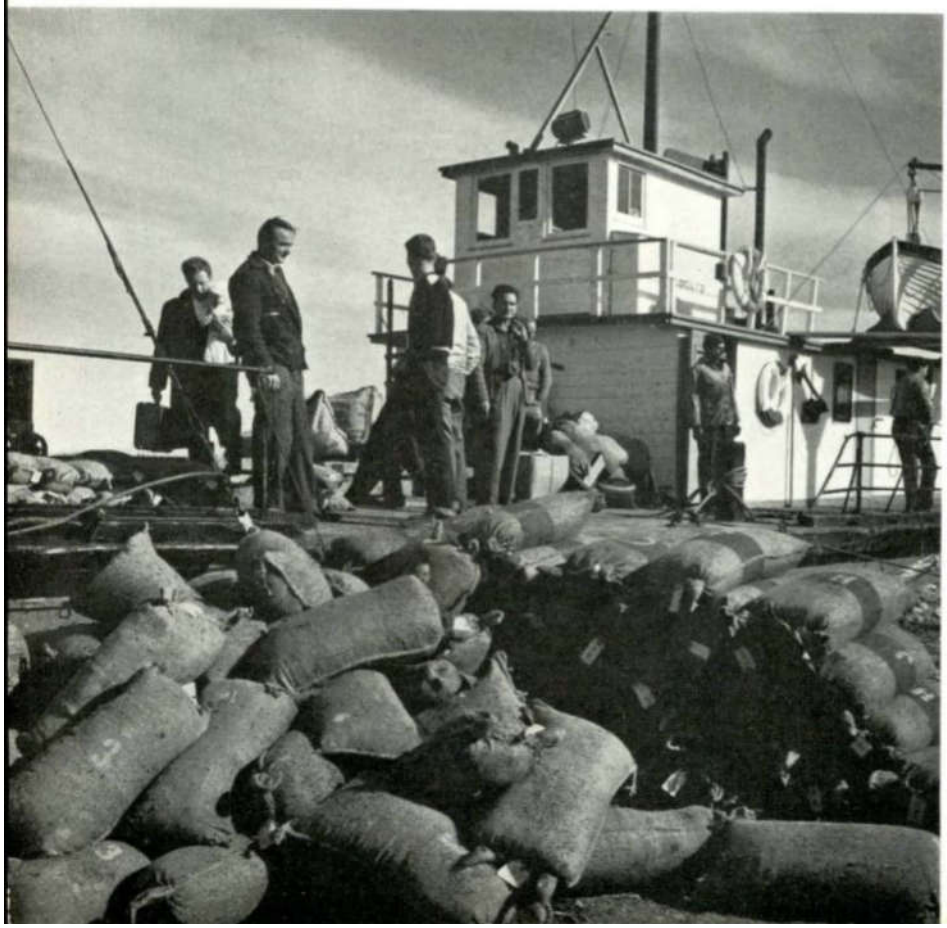
13. The broken ore is dumped on to a conveyor belt, from which pieces are picked at random and exposed to a cylindrical Geiger counter. The counter is connected to a red light which the man on the right is watching, and which flashes on to show the presence of radium.

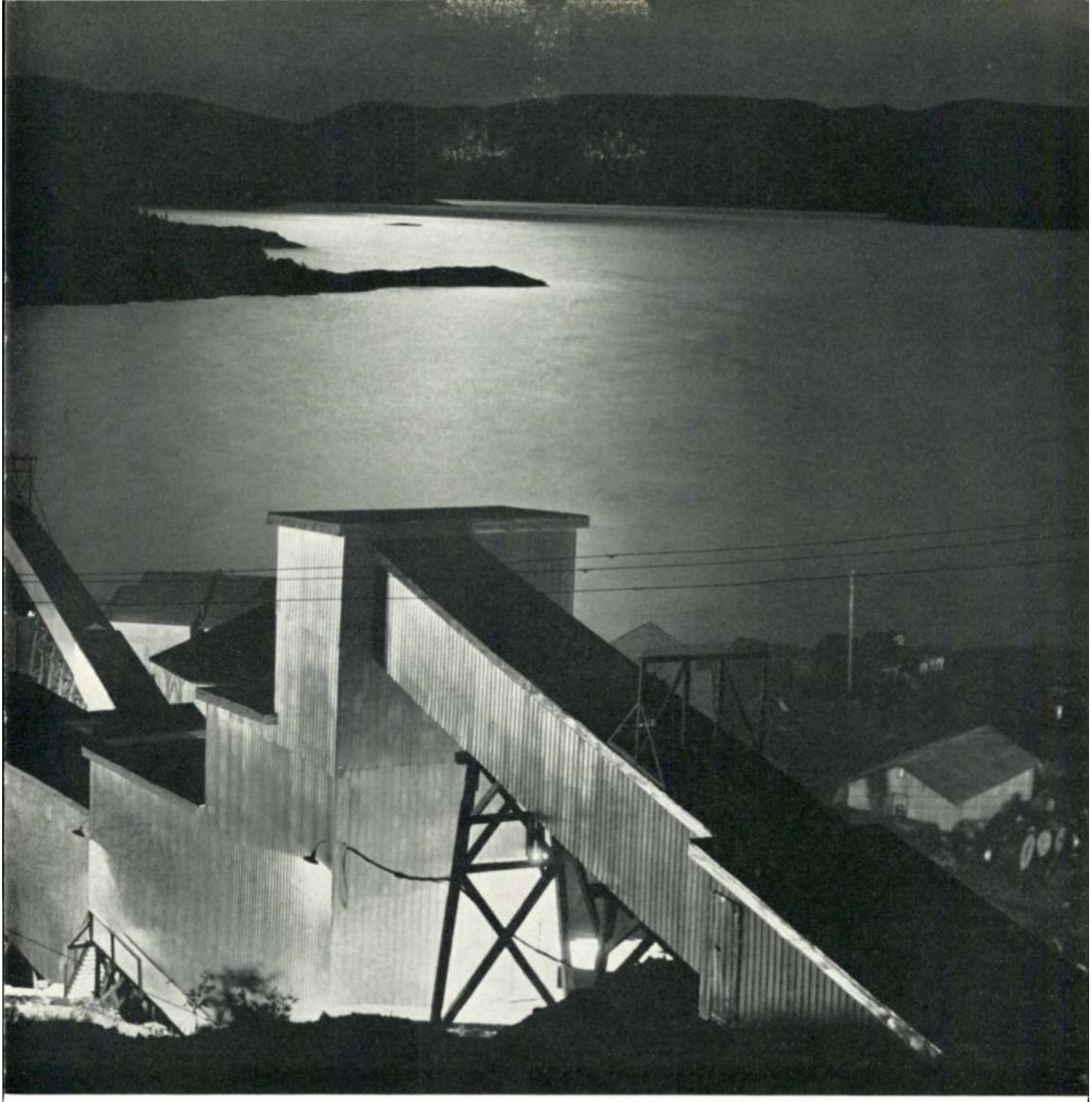


14. After the rock has been crushed and ground, the ore is thickened, and the uranium liquor is sucked out of it and clarified. Out of the clarified liquor, the uranium is then precipitated in solid form. Here the precipitate is being shovelled into bins, after which it is dried and bagged.



15. The bags of precipitate are loaded aboard a diesel tug, taken across Great Bear Lake, and shipped out to Edmonton and the refinery at Port Hope, Ontario.





16. Beside the moonlit waters of Great Bear Lake, surrounded by the dark and ancient wilderness, stand the incongruous, angular buildings of Port Radium where, from rocks one and a half billion years old, modern men mine the raw material for atomic power.

TALES from the DELTA

Retold by
Phyllis Taylor

Drawings by L. S. Saw

"The men liked to get a young girl into the blanket and toss her higher and higher."

From the delta of the Mackenzie River, where the Eskimo and Loucheux Indians meet and mingle, come these true stories and folk tales.

Whaling Days

by Thea Gordon

WHEN I was a girl I used to love the excitement of the whale hunting which lasted from April to June. Sometimes as many as ten boats went out on an expedition: They were loaded with everything needed for the hunt—the big gun for shooting the whale, and spears to make the kill; tents; cooking stove; provisions and clothing. The loaded boats were mounted on sleds and the men walked alongside pulling the load with a line made from a piece of *Oog-juk* hide. They walked across the shore ice, perhaps as far as two miles, and when they came to open water made their camp there on the ice, building also a shelter to protect the men who would act as Look-out.

Watch for the whales was kept day and night (there was no darkness during May and June) by the different Eskimos in turn. They were watching for the fountain of water which the black whale squirts out when he blows—and when the watcher saw this he would wake up all the members of the party and the hunt was on. If the whale came near to shore they paddled out very gently so that the beast could not hear them, and waited for it to surface; then they paddled right up to it.

One man in the boat had a darting-gun with harpoon attached, and another man had a shoulder gun. At the appropriate moment these two men fired. Sometimes the whale was killed outright; sometimes it was merely wounded and then it would make off at top speed. The harpoon was not lost, however, as a rope forty or fifty fathoms long was attached to it. Even if the whale submerged it was still not lost, because there was a float on the rope, made from an inflated seal skin.

The crew of the canoe which had shot the whale would then hoist a flag, and the other canoes would come over to help take home the carcass. When they all got to their camp on the shore ice they would send one man in to the settlement carrying a little flag. It was his first duty to go to the owner of the boat which had made the kill, but lots of people would be watching for him and would ask, "Who caught the whale?", and when he said, "So and so," word would quickly go round. Then the women folk and the older children would harness the dogs and go streaming out across the ice to fetch their meat. There was plenty of *muktuk* (the flesh directly under the skin) and whale meat for everybody, and soon the sleds were loaded.

In June they would hold a big celebration and feasting, attended by everyone in the district, Eskimo and white

Miss Phyllis M. Taylor was formerly welfare teacher at Aklavik Federal Day School. She now holds a similar position at Fort Smith, N.W.T.

man alike. There was high feasting on *muktuk* and *mekiyak* (that is, whale meat which had been put in a seal-skin poke and left to go sour)—and tea and coffee and biscuits were served. After that, they all played the Eskimo's favourite game, *Nal-uk-a-tuk*.

The men would rig a circular blanket of walrus skin or hide, about ten feet in diameter, to stanchions made of whale's bone or wood tall enough to hold it three or four feet off the ground. Thirty or more Eskimos grasped the edges of the blanket, like firemen holding a net, and the first player climbed in. The object of the game was for the men and women holding the blanket to toss the player so high that when he landed he lost his footing. Then he was "out," and the next player tried his luck. It was exhilarating to go flying perhaps thirty feet into the air, but frightening when you looked down and saw the tiny people way below you. The men liked to get a young girl into the blanket and toss her higher and higher. She might be tossed up twenty-five feet or more, straight up, kicking her feet in delight in mid-air; then down and up again. Finally, when she fell in the blanket, the people would shout for her to have the prize. It was great fun, and we played it for hours and hours.

Then in the evening, after the *Nalukatuk*, they would have a big Eskimo dance, the people dancing all through the night and then going home to sleep in the morning.

Medicine Man

by Marthe Manolli

Interpreted by Alice Dillon

MARTHE Manolli's recollections of her childhood go back just into the last century. In those days, as now, the people lived on caribou meat, but as a child she never tasted the meat of a caribou which had been shot: their animals were snared, or killed with the spear. The Eskimos among whom she lived would make "scarecrows" in the likeness of men and set them up in places to scare the caribou, so that they could drive the herd into a lake. Then the men would go out in boats and spear them.

In the fall the caribou would be thick with fat. No part of the carcass was wasted. Lard was made by pounding the fat. The animal's stomach would be emptied and cleaned and then re-filled with dry meat or with the marrow out of the bones. One stomach would hold as much as twenty-five pounds of meat. The guts were emptied and cleaned and then stuffed with blood and fat, to make what I suppose we should call sausages. Even the bones were pounded, and the grease frozen and put away. The skin was made into clothing, or used for barter, trading it for seal oil to use for lighting lamps. (The first time Marthe saw a coal-oil lamp she was terrified of it because the boys told her it was the re-incarnation of a medicine man who had died.)

When she was small she saw a Medicine Man work his magic. A white man named Charlie Brown had gone out on a trip and his return was long overdue, so the people knew he must be lost. His native wife had more faith in her own tribal customs than in the white man's magic, and she went to the Medicine Man and asked him to find her husband. A medicine-making ceremony was held. The Medicine Man sat on the ground with his knees up to his chin and his hands behind his back. His wrists were tied together with strong thongs of *oog-juk*, his head pressed down to his knees and a pair of new deerskin pants fixed to his shoulders. The Medicine Man was going to fly, and these were to be his wings. Behind him trailed a long rope. Marthe said a rope always trailed behind the Medicine Man, and everyone believed that if he lost, say his axe, from his sled, he would dig a hole in the snow, put into it the end of his rope, and the rope would travel under the snow until it "smelt" the axe, then come up, tie itself round the axe and travel back to its master.

The young men made a tent of deerskin and dragged into it the trussed-up body of the Medicine Man. The people began to sing, to the accompaniment of softly beaten drums. After a time an axe was tied to the end of the trailing rope and thrown into the tent. The soft singing continued, but apart from that there was no sound: the children were not allowed to move. Then there were sounds from the tent and everyone knew that the Medicine Man was flying. Suddenly a loud crash indicated that he had landed, and the young men went into the tent. They pulled the Medicine Man out: he was still trussed up, but the new pants were turned inside out. They untied him and asked him what he had discovered. He told them that Charlie Brown was not dead. Eventually a party of white men set out to look for Charlie, and they found him out at sea, very much alive.

"They pulled the medicine man out; he was still trussed up, but the new pants were turned inside out."

Loucheux Camp

by Mary Neanda
Interpreted by Ada Stewart

WHEN Mary Neanda was a little girl the Loucheux Indians were nomadic, moving from place to place in accordance with the movement of the animals and the run of the fish, which provided their source of food.

The men, of course, were responsible for the hunting, and the women used to follow them with the loaded sleds. They knew which way to take because the men blazed a trail by putting handfuls of moss in the forks of the trees, so the women would follow the fresh moss. They knew their own man's trail from the pattern of the snow-shoe track. Camp was made when the woman came to a pile of newly cut wood, with the axe blocked in it.

The wife carried their home on the sled: it consisted of a tent made of caribou skins over a framework of bent willows. The hides were sewn together with the hair on the inside and the white, tanned skin on the outside. Mrs. Neanda remembers watching her mother make such a skin tent. When they travelled, the willow boughs were taken as well as the skins; these sticks gave the wife something to hold onto as she ran alongside the sled.

When all the gear was loaded, the woman would push her baby in to the wide neck of her skin garment, swing it round to the back and tie it in safely with a wide belt. Her dress was of caribou hide with the hair on the inside; the skirt was beaded in panels and fringed with a width of brown, smoke-tanned hide.

When she came to the woodpile, where she must make camp, the woman would put up the tent, make an open fire inside the tent, and eat; then, at last, she would put the baby down, and go out and cut a supply of wood for the night. She would dig out a patch of snow inside the tent and strew branches (later, the people used white Hudson's Bay Company blankets) to make a bed. A branch hooked from the thin ridgepole of the tent made a support for the kettle.

Originally, food was cooked in baskets woven from bark. The basket could not be placed directly on the fire, but when it was filled with snow and pieces of meat, red-hot stones were pulled out of the fire and thrown into it, and the basket was kept near the heat until the food was cooked. Meat cooked in this way was delicious. In time, the people were able to buy copper kettles in which to cook their food; every family at Fort McPherson was proud of its copper kettle.

"The woman would put up the tent . . . and go out and cut a supply of wood for the night."

Little Clay Hunter

An Eskimo Folk Tale

from Edward Kikoak

THERE was once an Eskimo village with two poor people living in it, an old woman and her grandson. The chief was fond of the old woman and her boy and he sometimes gave them food. One day, when the boy was fast becoming a man, the chief told him it was time he became a hunter. "You had better go out hunting and have some adventures," he said, "so that you can tell us stories in the dark winter days."

The boy was troubled about this: he had no stories to tell, and he had no meat to take home to his grandmother. He walked along, thinking and thinking, and wondering how he could please the chief. He stooped down and picked up a lump of clay, and as he walked along he idly kneaded the clay with his knuckles. Then he moulded the clay, and the lump took shape under his fingers and became a little man, complete with bow and arrows. Just then the boy noticed that deer tracks lined the trail, so he set the little hunter down behind a bush to wait for a deer to pass, and went home.

Early the next morning he went back to find his little friend the clay hunter. When he came to the place on the trail where the little clay man was sitting, half-hidden by a bush, he saw at once that the two arrows were missing. "Where are your arrows?", he asked, and the clay man replied with a nod of his head. The boy looked in the direction indicated, and saw two deer lying across the path, each pierced through the heart by an arrow. He pulled the arrows out and gave them back to the clay hunter, and then joyfully set off for home with his two deer. The next

day his adventure was repeated, and from then on every few days he took home two deer to his grandmother, and so they both had lots of meat. The chief came and asked all sorts of questions about the hunting, but the orphan boy never revealed his secret. Besides the deer which the clay man shot, the boy also killed a wolf and a wolverine, so he and his grandmother were rich now.

By and by the village people heard about it, and the girls decided that the boy who was no longer poor would now make a very good choice for a husband, so they visited him frequently and worked for him, and you would have thought that he would be happy, now that he was so popular. But he did not care for any particular one of these girls. There was another girl in the village, who herself was also an orphan, but the other girls saw to it that she did not visit the boy, whom they wanted for themselves.

The old lady was very inquisitive about the hunting: she asked her grandson to tell her how it came about that he was so lucky. For a long time he resisted her curiosity and told her nothing about his little clay man. Then one day his resistance broke down and he was so unwise as to tell her the secret of his deer hunting. Her curiosity was now intensified: she must see this magical little man for herself. So early the next morning she set off, following the well-worn trail. As she came within sight of the little clay hunter, he was just aiming his arrows.

That night the grandmother never came home and the boy was worried. He got up early the next morning and went out to look for her. He followed her tracks and came upon her body lying across the trail. Beside it was the body of a newly killed deer. The boy wept as he buried his grandmother there where she lay, and he reproached himself for telling her the story of his little clay hunter.

He took his deer home; he was lonely now, and he had to do all his own work. The village girls came every night to see him, but there was only one girl he really wanted to see, and when he decided to marry he took the orphan girl for his wife and they lived happily there together.

"He came upon her body lying across the trail."

THE Loucheux are an Athapaskan group in the northern Yukon living in the drainage of the Porcupine and the Peel between Fort Yukon and Fort McPherson. They have been constant at about 500 people for the last hundred years. *Loucheux* means "squinters" in French and no satisfactory reason for the name has been offered, for they don't squint.

Eskimo influence was fairly strong in their culture. They used an Eskimo type of sled, rather than a toboggan, and their canoes were built like umiaks though much smaller. In summer they fished with nets and weirs and in winter hunted moose, caribou, bear, small game and birds. Caribou hunting at the fords where these animals cross the rivers was an exciting sport, for a bold hunter would paddle the bow of his canoe right up on the withers of a swimming caribou and let the animal ferry him across while he speared the caribou on each side of him.

They travelled frequently, so their dwellings had to be portable. One type consisted of two open tents facing each other, with a fire between them. Another consisted of an oblong shelter with a rounded roof, a framework of willow saplings, and a covering of skins.

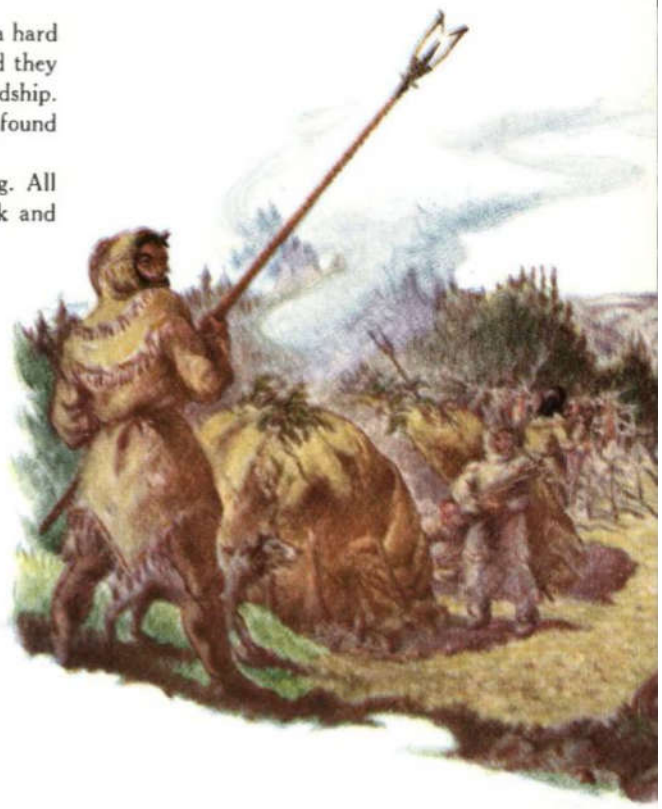
Clothing was of caribou skin and the coats had long tails back and front something like the Eskimos'. Dentalium shells, imported from the coast of British Columbia, were used as ornaments and also as a form of currency, and the men's clothing was often decorated with quills and shells. The men painted their faces with stripes of red and black derived from charcoal and ochre mixed with grease, which was also worked into their hair, worn in a huge lump at the back of the neck.

Chiefs and important men had two or more wives. Women led a hard life, even when there were several to share the household tasks, and they not infrequently killed their female children to save them from hardship. The old and infirm were strangled, often at their own request, if they found keeping up with the travelling band too exhausting.

The Loucheux were, and still are, fond of games and dancing. All travellers speak of them as fine people, happy and friendly, frank and hospitable—and so they remain to this day.

WOMAN WITH INFANT IN BARK CRADLE AND CHILD IN SKIN SUIT, ALL WITH SHELL NOSE-ORNAMENTS.

HEADDRESS OF FEATHERS AND DENTALIUM SHELLS.



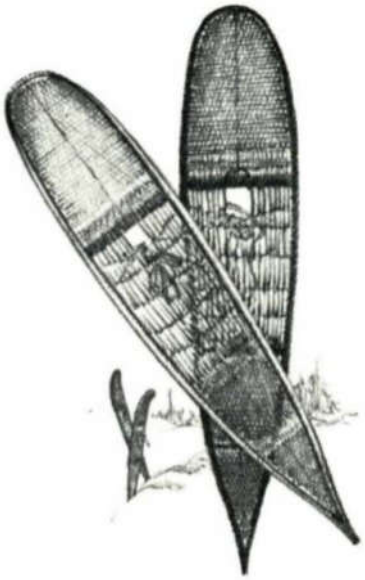
DANCE OF THE KUTCHA-KUTCHIN (AFTER A. H. MURRAY).

SEMI-UNDERGROUND DWEL

THE LOUCHEUX

by Lloyd Scott

Text by
Douglas Leechman



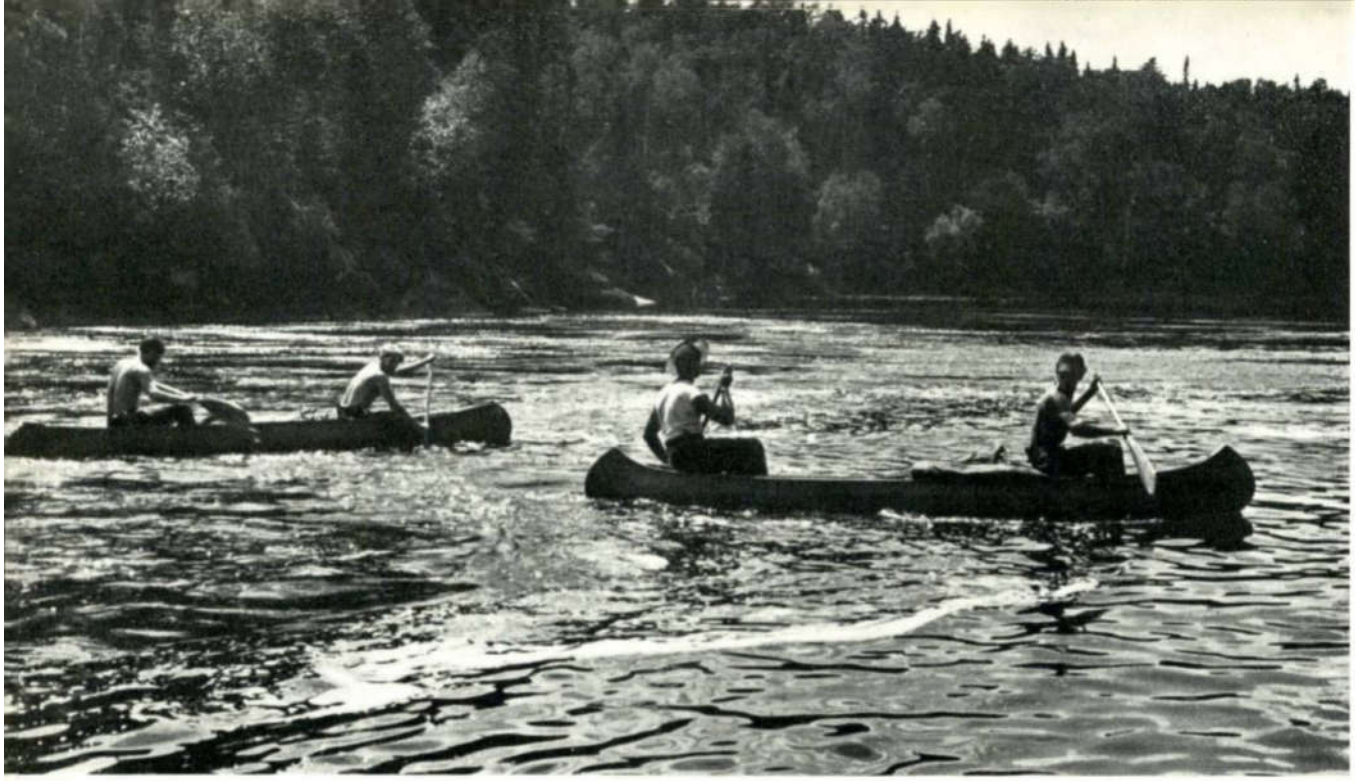
SNOWSHOES

MAN WITH CANOE

KNIFE AND
HORN DIPPER

LING IN SECTION.

WINTER LODGE OF SKINS AND SLED



Four young men from the city on a canoe trip in northern Ontario. R. Harrington

HOLIDAYS BY CANOE

by R. K. Gordon

Travelling through the Canadian wilderness by paddle canoe holds many joys for the adventurous.

BEFORE we knew much about the game, we used to begin our canoe trips in February, though it was the end of June before we put a paddle in the water. Long planning and pondering would, we hoped, make up for our inexperience. And, indeed, the system worked well enough. Five months of thinking and talking saved us from serious mistakes. We read reports of geological surveys, not because we were interested in geology, but because they gave us incidental scraps of information about the country. We traced maps at the government buildings; we drew up and revised lists of supplies; and we read and reread Stewart Edward White's book, *The Forest*.

We did not do all these things merely in order to be foresighted and prudent. We were indulging ourselves in a foretaste of joys to come. Outside were dull skies and dirty city-snow, the tail-end of a dreary Toronto winter; but, indoors, excited by wiggly lines on maps or dry statements in geological reports, we saw ourselves camped on an island in a sunlit lake, or shooting wild rapids, or lowering a load at the end of a portage, or playing a four-pound bass. In short, we were young enough to be romantic.

At last winter wore away; and finally, scarcely believing in our good luck, there we were actually on a train, headed for North Bay or Latchford or some other gateway into the land of heart's desire. The hotter and stickier the train the more delectable seemed the goal. A few hours later we were in canoes, knowing that ahead of us lay two golden months and many lakes and rivers, some of them old favourites, others not yet known to us, waiting to be explored, ready to yield up their secrets.

On the first day we were usually glad to stop early. Certain muscles had grown flabby through the long winter. The first good camping-place was accepted; and then came the delight of the first swim, the first night in the tent, and, with luck, the first bass or trout to go with the bacon.

One of the best things about a canoe trip is the slowness of the pace: about four miles an hour, sometimes more if wind or current or both lend a helping hand, often less. You creep "in this petty pace from day to day," up or down rivers, across lakes, over portages; and you are contented with this snail's progress. A motorist can leave more miles behind him in a day than you can do in a month. But it is the canoe-man, crawling along and with leisure to use his eyes, who sees the country. You earn the enjoyment of the slowly unfolding scene, for it is your muscles which make the canoe go, and one result of the effort is that you are physically alert to note the everchanging picture of rocks and trees and water. The shore does not rush past; indeed, if the wind is strong and against you, it may not seem to pass at all. You get no mere general

R. K. Gordon is professor emeritus of English, University of Alberta. He now lives in Penticton, B.C.

impression. You see individual rocks and trees and islands, and no two are quite the same.

There are very good reasons, besides an interest in scenery, for looking at your surroundings. The map shows a portage not far ahead. It is worth while to watch closely for the beginning of it, especially if you are going downstream and have no taste for shooting waterfalls. Your attention is being constantly fastened on things about you by questions to which it is well to find the proper answer. Which is the deep channel? Should you begin to cross over now? What is that remarkably unpleasant looking wave going to do? Spill into the bowman's lap? How far beneath that troubled bit of water lies the boulder? And so on, all day and every day; and while you are doing your best to answer such practical questions, all the time, whether you are aware of it or not, the scenes are being stored up in your memory. After the trip is over and you are back in the world of pavements and offices, they remain still vivid, —"Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,"—and presently you begin wondering about next summer.

Encounters with animals are rare enough to be always interesting. I remember seeing only one beaver in Ontario waters, and not much of him except snout and tail. Porcupines, hugging the ground like a modern car, sometimes waddled ahead of us, at their deliberate pace, on a portage. Now and then a doe and fawn were glimpsed wading daintily across a shallow bit of river. Once on a burnt-over berry patch on the Montreal River we had a black bear as a fellow-picker. A young grizzly swam across the Athabasca just in front of us. Having reached shore he turned to gaze at the intruders, but he looked at the place he had first seen us, forgetting that nothing stands still on that restless river. Then his glance travelled downstream till it picked us up; and, giving a glare, he went his way. Moose we saw most frequently. It might be a bull, a quarter of a mile away, a blotch of brown against the green trees, standing in four or five feet of water. He plunges his head down to eat waterlily stalks, and you paddle hard. Up comes the dripping head, with the munching jaws. You sit motionless and endure his calm inspection. Down goes the head again, and you cut off another fifty yards. Then, tired of your impertinent curiosity, he splashes ashore, and the green wall of forest closes behind him.

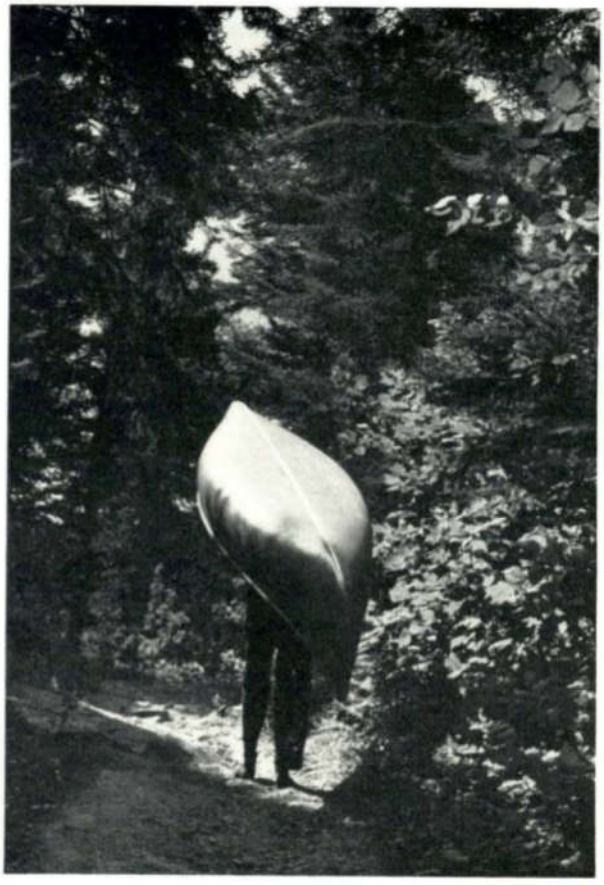
In out of the way country meeting people was something of an event, a much rarer thing than seeing moose. Sometimes the encounters were very brief. One day we were slowly pushing our way upstream on a narrow twisting river when a canoe with two men in it came shooting round the bend ahead. We grasped each other's gunwales. Where were they headed for? Temagami. Would they take a letter for us? Yes. It was quickly scribbled and handed over. A nod, a wave of the hand, and the swift current whisked them out of sight.

At Mattawabika we had some talk with a man named Moore, old, white-haired, very tall and straight, of slow speech and great dignity. He lived with his daughter and his son-in-law, who was, I suppose, a trapper. Moore was an old H B C man and spoke of "the Company" with something like reverence. He was glad to talk about the old days, and we were glad to listen. He told us about bringing supplies upstream from James Bay to inland posts and especially about the long hours of poling. "My God," said the old man, "we were hungry." He had no desire for the comforts or companionship to be had in more settled places. Indeed, he thought Mattawabika was becoming too crowded, though actually the only people who lived there the year through were Moore and his family. But occasional prospectors passed that way in the summer, for the discoveries at Cobalt were recent and exciting. Moore cast an unfriendly eye on these intruders. "Too many people here now," he said. "Must go further back."

At Latchford we had been given mail for the firerangers at Matachewan. They welcomed the letters and invited us to supper. One of the two men was a grizzled, middle-aged Frenchman named Labrosse. After the meal Labrosse stood by the fire in the semi-darkness and talked. As a boy he had been in charge of some horses at Custer's fight with the Indians. In the flickering light he drew a plan of the battle on the ground, "Den Custer, he made a t'ird dash." We counted that a memorable evening.

A little further upstream than the firerangers' cabin was the H B C post. The factor, Steve Lafricain, was a small man and almost shy. He looked part negro, and his name

"There is such a thing as enjoying a portage . . ."



strengthened that idea. He was reluctant to sell anything off his half-empty shelves, but consented to part with a few things. "Let you have a little flour all right enough." These words ("all right enough") ended nearly all his sentences. His wife gave us a holiday from our unalluring bannocks by making us some excellent loaves.

Of course, there were meetings with Indians. These encounters usually conformed to one of two patterns: either we said "good day" and they answered "*bo-jo, bo-jo*";* or we said "*bo-jo, bo-jo,*" and they answered "good day." Whichever way it was, they did not miss a stroke; their bark canoe went steadily forward, and there was no more talk.

One of the first lessons we learned was that we could not count on doing so many miles a day. We might toil from the taking down of the tent till the raising of it again at sundown and have left behind us a beggarly five miles, and each of them hard-won; and the next day thirty miles would slip smoothly beneath our keel. The useful kind of map is one that gives a hint how long it should take to go from here to there. "How many miles from the end of the lake to the portage?" we asked the factor's son at Mattagami, who was drawing us a map. "Miles?" he said, as if he hardly understood the word. "I don't know. Two days." A mile may mean a few minutes in swift water or an hour on a portage through a cedar swamp; and there are always surprises to upset calculations. One summer we were just well started down the Mattawa and all was going merry as a wedding bell when, coming round a bend, we found our way blocked. The river was solid with logs, bank to bank, and for as far ahead as we could see. No thoroughfare. Result: a long, wearisome detour by dusty country roads (how dead and meaningless a canoe looks lying beside a dusty road !) and a day or two lost.

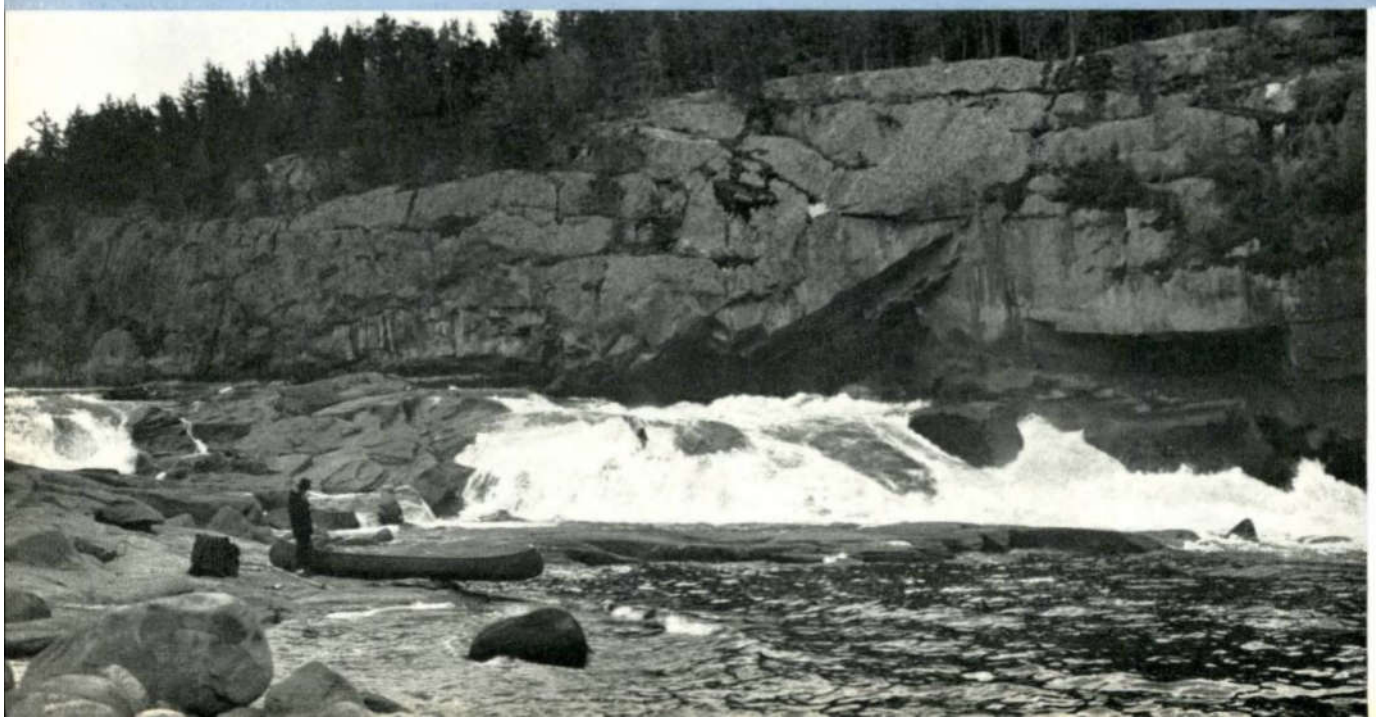
The upsetter of plans and timetables may be a portage which looks wholly innocent and harmless on the map. We encountered one of these deceivers on the east branch on the Montreal River. It was about three quarters of a mile long, and the footing was as good as anyone had a right to expect. But some person who might easily have been better employed—probably a prospector—had blazed trails leading off the proper one and then petering out. In no time at all each of us was separately lost in thick bush, each of us supposing he was the only strayed sheep, and each feeling like the pilgrim in Bunyan who "groaned in himself, saying, Oh that I had kept on my way." By the time the canoes and bags were carried to where they should have been hours before, there was little daylight left and less energy.

But things may go just the other way; and, as the hymn says, the clouds you dread may prove big with mercy. We had been warned in Mattagami that a portage out of the south end of Night Hawk Lake would try the stoutest heart. We reached the beginning of it in the late afternoon and made ready prayerfully for next day's ordeal. Somebody—I forget who, but we accepted him as an authority—had once told us that, when there was heavy work ahead, the dish to put your trust in was beans and macaroni with plenty of grease. Now, we decided, was the time for this fortifying mixture. It was prepared and eaten in a mood of solemn resolution. In the morning we set off braced to encounter the worst at any moment; and, to our happy amazement, in half an hour we were over the portage. We could only suppose that our Mattagami friend had been there in a wet spring.

There is such a thing as enjoying a portage. Given a smooth pine needle trail which coaxes you into something between a walk and a run and a load with no sharp edges or knuckles to bore into your back, you may welcome the chance to stretch your legs for a mile or two; and, when you lay down your burden, you are still sweet-tempered and not too tired to find zest in paddling. We never found better going than in a little jaunt from Mattagami to Bisco (on the C.P.R.). It was the route by which supplies

*Bon jour.

Waterfalls like this one add to the pleasures of a river trip. **Calvin Rutstrum**



Packsack, dunnage bag, and grub box make a well balanced load.

were brought in to Mattagami, and the portages would have given positive pleasure to anybody who was fit to go on a canoe trip. On one of these we met the Indians with their big freight canoes and with a mountain of packages and bundles for the post. The Indians were solid, broad-chested fellows; and we watched, with proper respect, as each of them walked off in comfort with three hundred pounds on his wide back.

But there's no denying that a portage may be a lonely, wearing business. The relationship between you and your load, perhaps comfortable enough at the start, often worsens rapidly. As you tire, you stumble over stones or roots. The tump loosens, and the bag swings and bangs against the small of your back. You ease the pressure of the tump with your hands, and at once the mosquitoes are upon your unguarded face. You take to counting paces; another hundred and then you'll rest. But when the hundred is up, there is no good place to put your load down so that it will not have to be painfully raised all the way from the ground. You climb over a windfall and are nearly pulled backwards by your load. You stoop under a windfall and a sharp spur of wood gouges your neck. And then, all at once, through the trees you see blue water. You hit a pace which, a moment before, seemed impossible. You come to the end, swing off the bag and straighten your back. After all, you decide, it had not been so bad. But, if there is a second trip to be made, if it's all to do again, you do not dismiss the matter so airily.

One portage I remember with feelings of the liveliest hostility. It was my lot to cross it several times, and, though there was small love between us in the beginning, upon further acquaintance it grew steadily less. It was in country north of Sudbury and ended on the banks of the Vermilion River. It was four and a half miles long, and close to the trail on both sides spread cedar swamps which could have supplied a continent with mosquitoes. Clouds of them went with you every inch of the way. Like Prince Hamlet you were "dreadfully attended." And there was something else, uncommon and memorable, about this portage. After a quarter of a mile you came to a stream, about two feet deep, twenty feet wide, and very swift. A pine log with most of its bark off had been laid from bank to bank. On my first encounter with this narrow and slippery bridge there came upon me, when I was halfway across, a dark and settled conviction that I was about to fall. I thought I should be slightly more master of my fate if I jumped. The log was five feet or so above the water, and the jerk of the tump on my neck would have done credit to a hangman. However, I managed to keep my feet and waded shore, but in no mood to enjoy a four mile walk with a hundred pounds on my back.

But whether the day be rough or smooth, there is always the peace of the tent at night. Two uprights and a ridge pole transform a bit of canvas into a home: fragile, temporary, crowded, perhaps leaky, but still a home. This miracle was wrought every night; and, especially after a hard day in which everything had gone wrong, was a cause of happy wonder. Kit-bags were stowed away; blankets were spread; a candle in a cleft stick lit the scene. For a few hours a tiny spot of order and comfort had been created in the stony wilderness. We might play cards—euchre was our game—or we might read. One summer I had along a copy of Shakespeare's *Tempest*; and I kept the book for many years afterwards, stained and battered and long retaining the special smell of things which have spent a summer in a kit-bag. Most nights we were satisfied to do nothing except look back on the events of the day and wonder, without much excitement, what we were going to run into tomorrow.

Next morning we were once more on the move. Tent poles and flattened balsam boughs were the only sign that human beings had spent a night there. But we might wake to the drumming of rain on the canvas. A small tent is not a snug refuge through a day of persistent rain. Sooner or later it leaks here or there. Somebody has to go out and cook; and, when he brings in the meal, he brings with it his dampness. Our way was for everybody to go out, get soaking wet at once and keep warm by travelling.

Given the right conditions, which means chiefly no rain and no mosquitoes, it is a luxury to sleep with nothing between you and the sky. On the Athabasca, one September, we left the tent packed up night after night. Supper over, we climbed to a grassy bank thirty feet or so above the river, and spread our sleeping-bags. There was still a good hour of daylight. We watched the sky slowly darken; one's pipe smoke scarcely moved in the windless air; from below came the never-ending sound of the hurrying river. . . .

Architect's drawing of the Industrial Museum of Scotland (now the Royal Scottish Museum) as it appeared about 1860.

For the Royal Scottish Museum

Scottish fur traders of a vanished era sent home some rare material that shows what was worn and used by natives of the Northwest a century ago.

by Robert Kerr

IN its early days, the Industrial Museum of Scotland, now the Royal Scottish Museum, in Edinburgh, owed much to the generosity of Scots who had emigrated to Canada. Soon after its foundation in 1854 the energetic director of the Museum, Dr. George Wilson, set himself to the formidable task of building up collections to illustrate the industries of the world; and his appeals, directed to all quarters of the globe, for contributions of specimens were so successful that in a few years' time a large and important industrial museum, worthy of the capital of Scotland, had been created.

Amongst those whose help was enlisted by Dr. Wilson was Sir George Simpson, the Ross-shire Scot who, while yet quite a young man, was selected to take full charge of the then newly reorganized Hudson's Bay Company's affairs in Canada. Thanks to the good offices of this great administrator, the museum's needs were brought to the notice of the Company's staff.

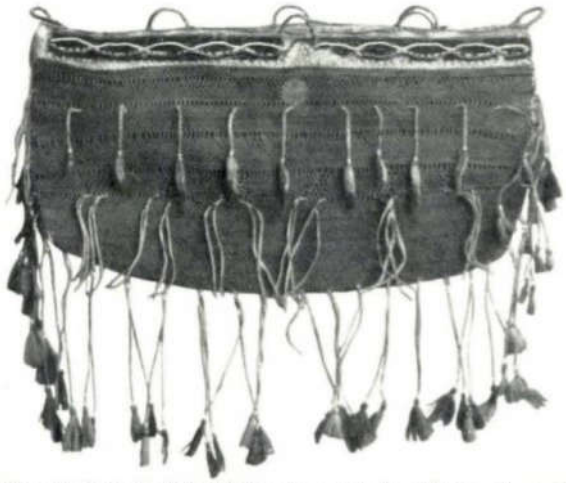
It was probably as a result of Sir George's influence that instructions such as those contained in the following extract from Secretary Thomas Fraser's dispatch to Chief Trader Clare, dated June 25, 1860, were issued:

"Mr. Murray in writing to me on the subject of specimens in natural history collected for him in the Company's Territory says: 'I have been told that if they had authority now and then to expend a few shillings worth on the Indians who bring anything curious I could get more novelties. Will you have the goodness to instruct them that they may do so, and I will repay the amount to you.'

"The Governor and Committee are anxious at all times to afford facilities for the collection of materials for the extension of our knowledge of natural history, and they direct me to say that it will give them pleasure to learn that the Company's officers transmit such objects as they think may throw light upon science. You will please to communicate Mr. Murray's remarks to such as may be in the habit of collecting such novelties, and if it should be considered advisable to incur the expenditure authorised by Mr. Murray you can charge the amount in your accounts, informing the Board of the amount in order that it may be recovered from Mr. Murray."

Enlightened and helpful directives such as this must have stimulated those members of the Company's staff who took a real interest in the people and animals and

Robert Kerr is keeper of the Art and Ethnology Department, Royal Scottish Museum.



Hunting bag of babiche decorated with beads and wool, from the Athabasca district. Given to the museum by Robert Campbell of Yukon fame.

plants around them, and encouraged them to form collections. Many museums and scientific bodies must have benefited as a result of these activities; and certainly the Royal Scottish Museum now regards the Indian and Eskimo "novelties" which it received nearly a hundred years ago from various officers of the Company as valuable items in its ethnographical collections.

Earliest amongst the Hudson's Bay Company donors to the Edinburgh Museum was Chief Factor Joseph James Hargrave, who in November 1858, presented a pair of snowshoes of the kind worn by the whites on the northwest shore of Hudson Bay, and a bow, with arrows and a wolf-skin quiver, from the Blackfoot Indians. Through Mr. Hargrave, too, the Company presented a substantial collection of Eskimo specimens, from Fort Churchill; this included various articles of dress, personal ornaments, model kyaks, a model sled, specimens of the rawhide strips known as "babiche," and fishing hooks and lines.

Hargrave, who was a native of Hawick, in the Scottish Borders, served the Company for some thirty years. He

Kutchin (Loucheux) chiefs' costumes presented by Bernard Rogan Ross and Rev. W. W. Kirkby. Left: ornamented with primitive quill-work. Right: with dentalium shells and beads.

Roderick MacFarlane gave this Eskimo scraper and saw, and Julian S. Onion (Camsell) the Eskimo man's knife. All from the Western Arctic.

was employed as clerk and accountant at York Factory in 1827-29, and was later for many years in charge there. He was promoted Chief Trader in 1833 and Chief Factor in 1844, and retired from the service in 1858.

The Hargrave collection was accompanied by a smaller group of specimens sent through Chief Factor James Anderson, who at the time was in charge of the Mackenzie River district, at Fort Simpson. In 1855, when the Company organised the Land Arctic Searching Expedition with a view to solving the problem of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men, Anderson was selected to take charge of it. He went down the Back River by way of Lakes Aylmer, Pelly, and Garry, and then explored the mainland and islands as far as Maconochie Island. The most outstanding of Anderson's gifts to the Museum is a belt, skilfully decorated with dyed strips of porcupine quill, made by Indians of the Mackenzie River district.

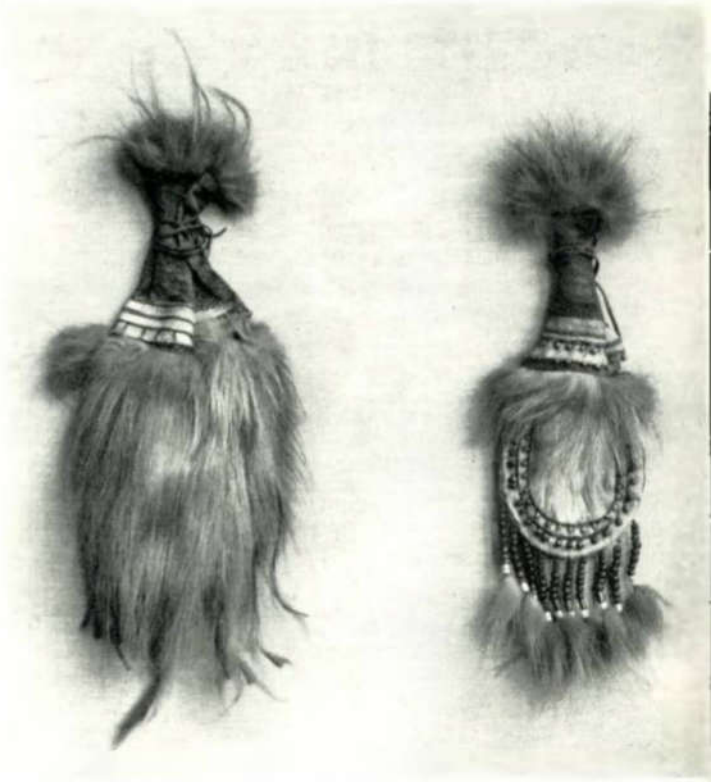
An important group of North American Indian articles came to the Museum in 1859 from Chief Factor Robert Campbell, then stationed at Fort Chipewyan, in the Athabasca District. It comprised articles of Chipewyan costume, a number of calumets, and domestic vessels made of "wattape" (spruce root), birch-bark, and musk-ox horn.

Robert Campbell, like many another officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, was a Scot, his birthplace being in Glenlyon in Perthshire. His service to the Company was distinguished by the extent and importance of his exploration and discoveries in the North West. Entering the Company's employment in 1832, he moved successively to Fort Simpson, Fort Liard, and Fort Halkett. His insatiable appetite for exploration led him to establish a post on Dease Lake. Not satisfied, he then crossed the divide and reached the headwaters of the Stikine River. Exploring down this river in 1838, he encountered the Nahannis, and narrowly escaped death. Undaunted, he went on two years later to explore the northern branch of the Liard, discovering the lakes which he named Frances and Finlayson, and the source of the Pelly River. Pushing northward along the Pelly River in 1848, he established Fort Selkirk.

In 1851, Campbell descended the Pelly River to Fort Yukon, where he joined forces with its founder, Alexander Hunter Murray. Together they ascended the Porcupine River, crossed to the Mackenzie, and then returned to Fort Simpson. Campbell had another hairbreadth escape in 1852, when Indians attacked and plundered Fort Selkirk.

The qualities of this outstanding man were well summed up in the following extract from a lecture given by the Rev. Dr. Bryce to the Historical and Scientific Society of Mani-

Western Arctic Eskimo firebags of caribou skin decorated with beads. Given by Roderick MacFarlane.



toba in April 1898. "Robert Campbell was a natural leader of men. His tall commanding figure, sedate bearing, and yet shrewd and adaptable manner, singled him out as one of the remarkable class of men who in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company governed an empire by their personal magnetism, and held many thousands of Indians in check by their honesty, tact, and firmness. . . . The glory of being the discoverer of the Upper Yukon, the river of golden sands, will ever be his."

By far the largest group of gifts, and some of the most important ethnographical specimens, came to the Edinburgh Museum in 1859 and 1860 from Chief Trader Bernard Rogan Ross. Not only did he gather much material himself, but he seems to have inspired his colleagues and associates to help him. At any rate, the names of Roderick MacFarlane, Julian Stewart Onion,* the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, and Nicol Taylor are recorded in the Museum registers as having contributed to its collections "through Mr. B. R. Ross."

Amongst Ross's own donations was a collection illustrative of the life of the Dogrib Indians round about Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake; this was composed mainly of articles of dress and domestic utensils. Another collection, from the Eskimo at Fort Churchill, accompanied this one. From Fort Simpson Ross sent yet another collection, this time mainly of geological specimens, but including stone tobacco-pipes, and native "curiosities" from the Dogribs, Slaves, and "Nahanes"; outstanding items, now of great interest, are complete male and female Dogrib costumes, and a Dogrib robe of caribou skin. Two years later this indefatigable collector sent to Edinburgh a further very considerable consignment of North American Indian articles from the Slaves, Chipewyans, Dogribs, Kutchin, and Eskimo, including a Kutchin chief's complete costume.

Ross, who seems to have been a native of Dublin, joined the Hudson's Bay Company as an apprentice clerk in 1843. After short periods of service elsewhere he was appointed to take charge at Frances Lake in the Mackenzie River District. Later he held posts successively at Fort Simpson, Fort Norman, Fort Aux Liards, and Fort Resolution. Transferred back to Fort Simpson in 1858, he was given charge of the Mackenzie River District. He remained at Fort Simpson till 1862, and retired from the service in 1871.

Roderick MacFarlane, whose service with the Company was from 1852 to 1894, was born at Stornoway, in Scotland. For 15 years the Athabasca District was under his control. Of all the Company officers, he was the greatest collector of museum material. (See *Beaver* June 1947, "H B C and the Smithsonian.") His "Notes on the Mammals and Birds of Northern Canada" was published as a supplement to Charles Mair's *Through the Mackenzie Basin* in 1908. To his zeal the Edinburgh Museum owes a comprehensive collection of Eskimo articles, and some Hare Indian specimens.

The Rev. W. W. Kirkby added to the Edinburgh Museum's collections a Kutchin chief's costume, some interesting items from the Slave, Dogrib, Kutchin, and Nahanni Indians, and an Eskimo lip-ornament of jadeite. He was for many years a missionary on the Mackenzie River, stationed mostly at Fort Simpson.

The white man's all-pervading influence has altered the conditions of life of primitive peoples everywhere. The material culture of the North American Indian and Eskimo of the present day is profoundly different from what it was a hundred years ago. That is why the things which were once regarded simply as "native curiosities" and "novelties" have now become prized museum specimens, which provide on the one hand data for the student of primitive economics or technology, and on the other hand information for the general public with an interest in bygone ways of living. The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company who added to their arduous daily work the task of collecting specimens for museums deserve therefore to be honoured for their activity and their public spirit. The Royal Scottish Museum at any rate will always remember them with gratitude. •

Rare specimen of an unadorned Dogrib man's costume from Fort Rae, Great Slave Lake, presented by B. R. Ross in 1859. Note the curious "military" collar.

*Later Campell.

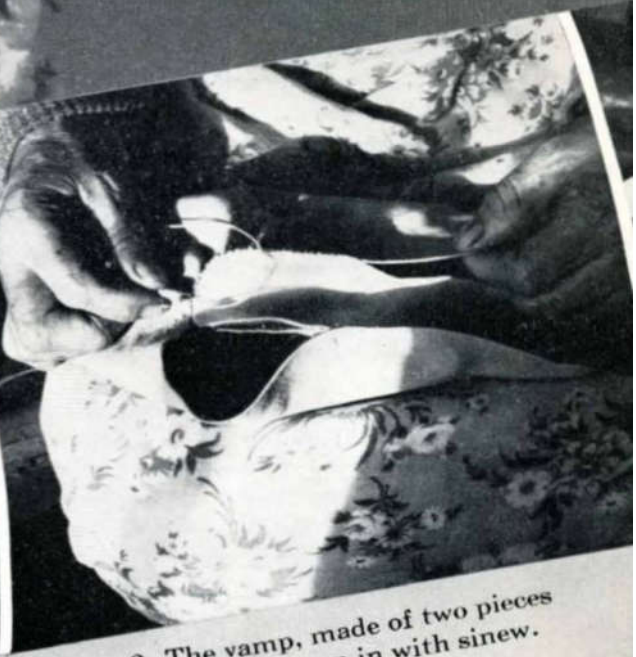
Making Moccasins

The Indians' Year-round Footwear

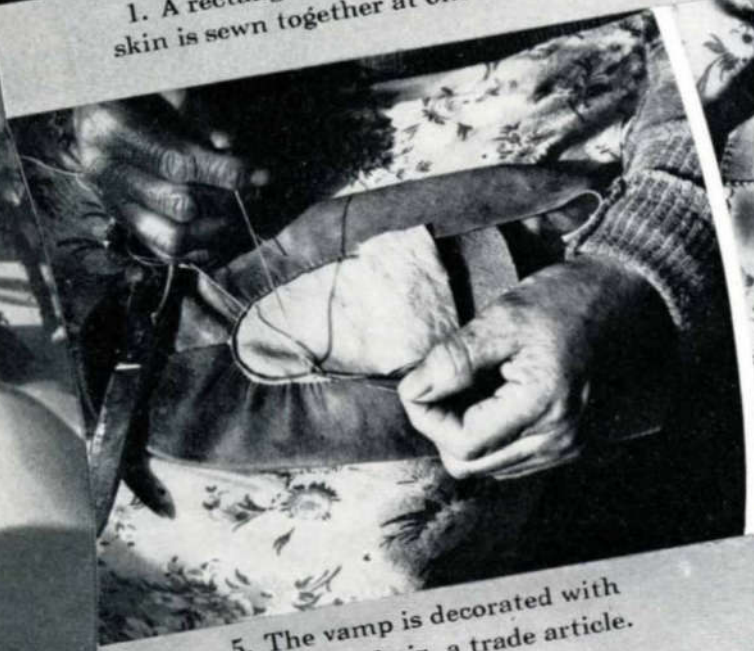
All photographs

by Richard Harrington

1. A rectangle of dressed deerskin is sewn together at one end.



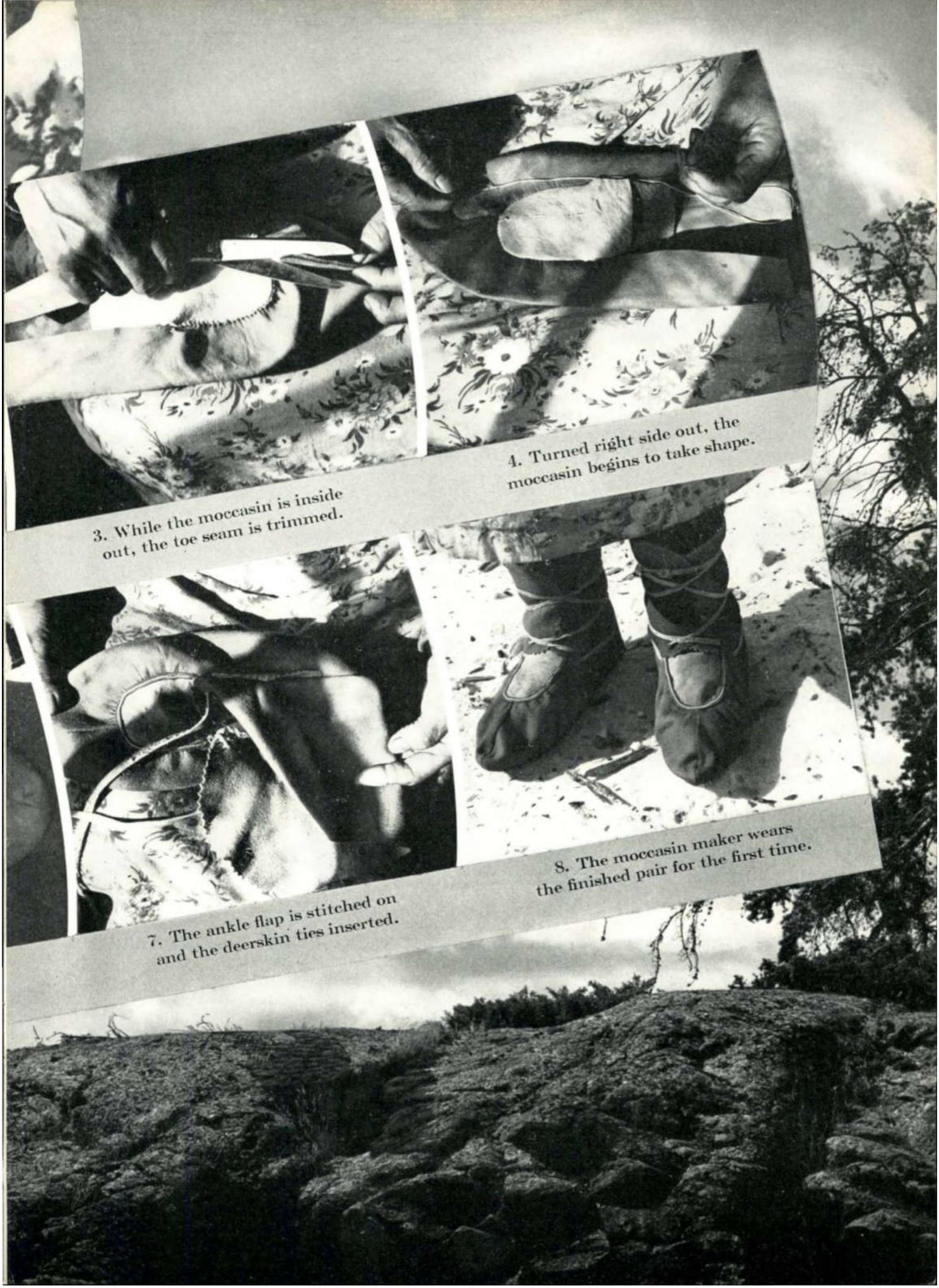
2. The vamp, made of two pieces of skin, is sewn in with sinew.



5. The vamp is decorated with dyed horsehair, a trade article.

6. The heel is sewn up. This is the sole and the inside of the heel.

From a few pieces of deerskin, a Chippewyan squaw's deft fingers turn out a serviceable pair of shoes.



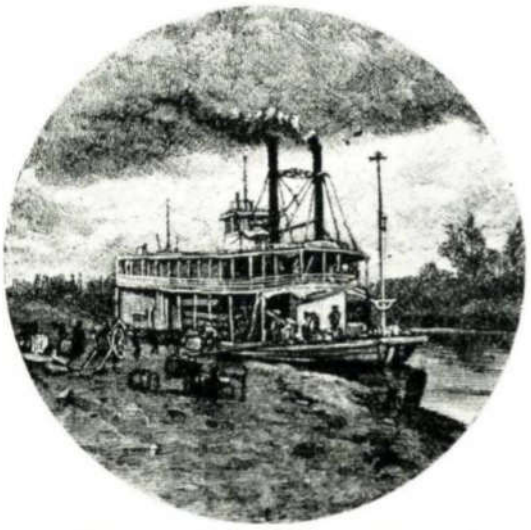
3. While the moccasin is inside out, the toe seam is trimmed.

4. Turned right side out, the moccasin begins to take shape.

7. The ankle flap is stitched on and the deerskin ties inserted.

8. The moccasin maker wears the finished pair for the first time.

ASSINIBOINE STEAMBOATS



The "Manitoba." From "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," May 1880.

by Molly McFadden

Puffing paddle-steamers used to ply the shallow, winding waters of the Assiniboine from Winnipeg up as far as Fort Pelly. But that was over 70 years ago.

THOSE who know the Assiniboine River today will find it hard to believe that steamers of any size ever plied its waters. Yet in the 1870s and 1880s stern-wheel and sidewheel steamboats of shallow draught often went splashing upstream from Winnipeg, navigated dexterously round the sharp bends and over the frequent shallows by their frock-coated pilots; and one of the larger boats even got up as far as Fort Pelly, north of the present Kamsack, Saskatchewan.

As far back as 1874, interest had been directed towards navigating the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers. In the Senate on April 12, Hon. Mr. Girard asked if the Government intended to take the necessary steps to ascertain the possibility of rendering the Assiniboine navigable by leading into it the waters of Lake Manitoba, by means of a canal between the two at the place nearest to each other. (This question—in reverse—is still under consideration in 1953, but for flood reasons.)

Named for the Indian tribe, the Assiniboines that occupied its valley for generations, the river never knew a steamboat until the S.S. *Anson Northup* entered its mouth on June 10, 1859, and landed on the north side where Upper Fort Garry stood.

The Assiniboine River, the principal tributary in Manitoba of the Red River, joins the latter here after traversing the southwestern part of the province and passing through the cities of Brandon and Portage la Prairie. The junction of these two rivers is an historic landmark where La Vérendrye arrived in 1738. And from this site in the middle of a continent, the Hudson's Bay Company forwarded freight to their trading posts located at widely separated points throughout the northern portion of the American continent.

"By its very winding course the river Assiniboine is over six hundred miles in length" wrote Alex. J. Russell in *Red River Country*, 1869. "Though it and its tributaries drain a larger area than Red River, the Assiniboine, owing to the dryness of the country southwest of it, drained by its principal feeders, and the loss of water in its lower course, is scarcely equal to the one-third of Red River at their junction." It depended on the time of the spring run-off and the volume of water later in the season whether steamboats could navigate the Assiniboine. The reef in the river above Maryland bridge was the watermark in those days by which the captains knew whether the steamboats could go up river or not.

On May 6, 1873, the S.S. *Dakota*, one of the Red River Transportation Company boats, built at Breckenridge in the winter of 1871-2, arrived in Winnipeg. Her hull was 92 feet long, 22 feet in the beam and 3½ feet deep, and her tonnage was 117.75. She had been fitted up with a cabin for passengers during the past winter and was now the handsomest, although the smallest, steamer on the river. The captain, Sam T. Painter, confidently tried to go up the Assiniboine on June 2 to White Horse Plains for a cargo of wheat, but upon reaching Sturgeon Creek a few miles upstream from Ft. Garry, the water was found to be too low and she returned on Sunday morning with a party of excursionists aboard.

The Assiniboine was unusually high the next spring, 1874, and the *Dakota* tried again on May 20, leaving for Portage la Prairie and intermediate points, with a considerable load of freight. Captain Painter was severely criticised for a breach of the navigation laws in coasting in British waters, but the *Dakota* made the first steamboat trip to Portage la Prairie and return. The trip up was made in two days, including lengthy stoppages, and in twelve hours coming back. Considerable excitement was caused along the river. Next day the *International* took cargo to St. James Rapids and White Horse Plains, but did not venture farther.

"It is likely from present indications that our continuous line of settlements will extend this season to a distance of

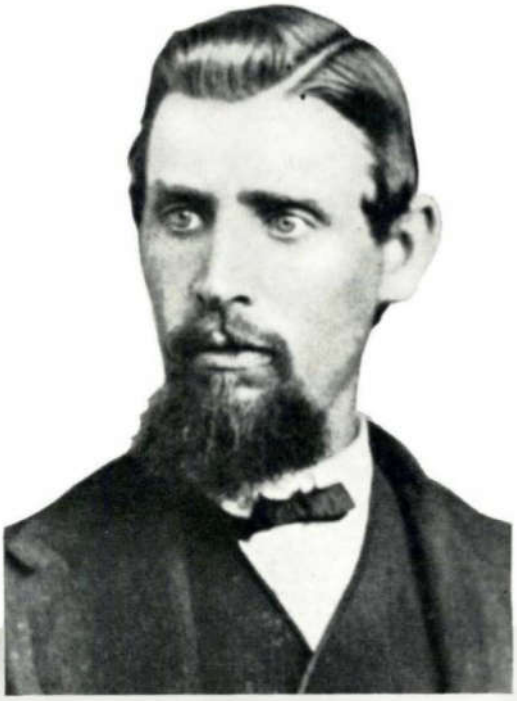
Molly McFadden is a free lance writer of Winnipeg, with a special interest in local history. She was the author of *Steamboats on the Red* in the *Beaver* for June and September 1950.

200 miles or more, west of Winnipeg," said the *Manitoba Free Press*. "In view of this fact it is to be hoped that some enterprising citizen will test the navigation of the Assiniboine to Fort Ellice through that region next season with a steamer built for the purpose."

Peter McArthur had already built a small sidewheeler, the *Prince Rupert*, on the Brokenhead River in 1873—the first steamer to be built in Manitoba—and when in 1877 the large stocks of grain on hand forced the utilization of the Assiniboine as a transportation route, she went up to Portage la Prairie and returned with three barges laden with 500 bushels of wheat, 3,000 bushels of oats, and over 1,500 sacks of flour. Owing to high water, she was able to clear the St. James Rapids; but during a trip back from Portage in June, one of her wheels was damaged and she had to let her barges float to Winnipeg by themselves.

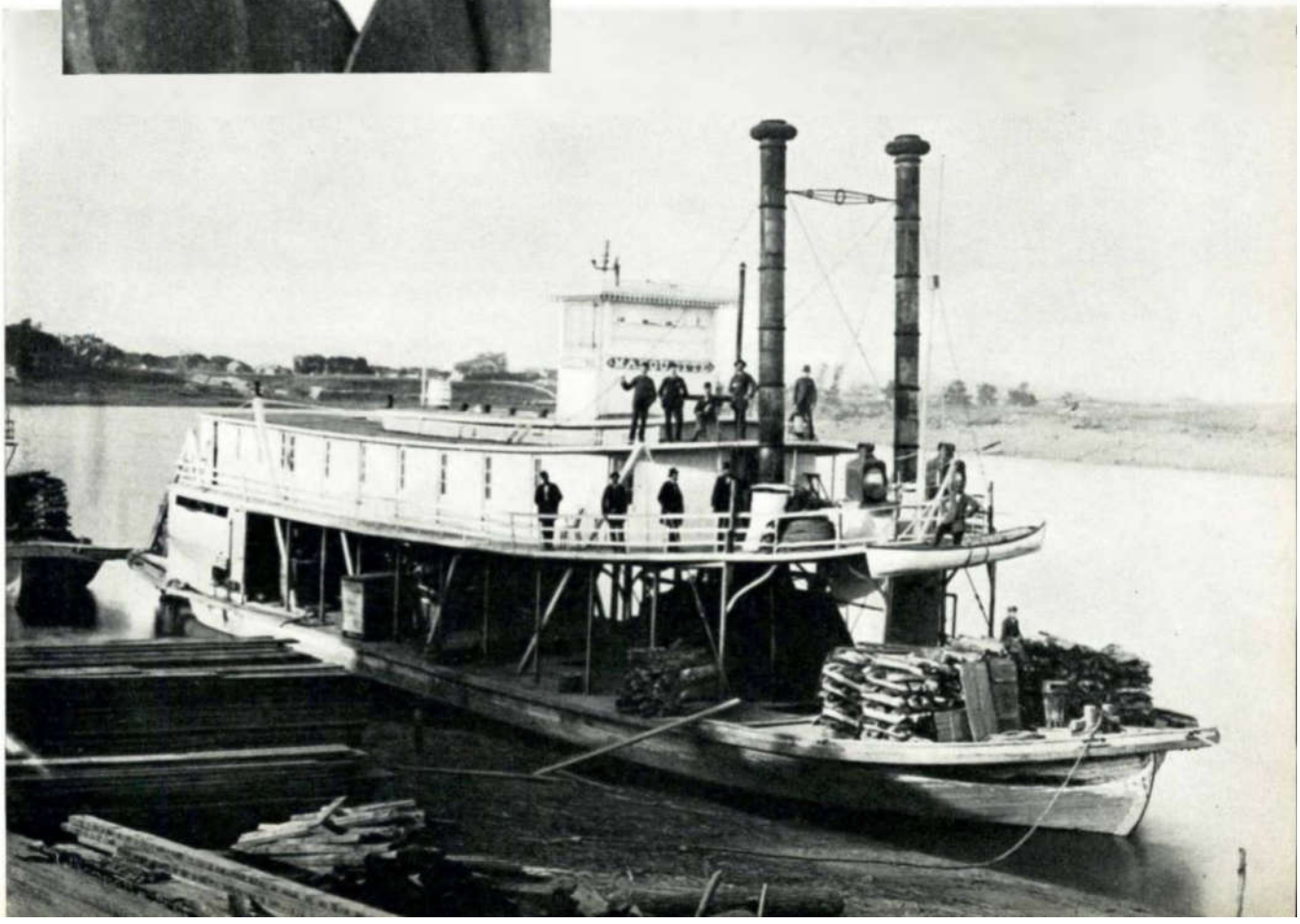
Next spring a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company was formed—the Winnipeg & Western Transportation Company. Its purpose was to carry on a freighting and transportation business by steamboats and other vessels upon the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan Rivers, and on Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis, as well as the tributaries of these rivers and lakes. From the Red River Transportation Company they bought the *Minnesota* and *Manitoba*—built three years before at Moorhead—the *Alpha* and the sidewheeler *Cheyenne*. It was planned to run a daily boat between Winnipeg and Selkirk, a semi-weekly boat between Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie, and a triweekly boat between Winnipeg and Emerson. On the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers, steamboats would navigate westward with the march of settlement.

Low water on both the Red and its tributary, the Assiniboine, was making navigation difficult in the spring



Peter McArthur, who built the "Prince Rupert," first steamer constructed in Manitoba, in 1873.

The "Marquette" was built to McArthur's orders at Moorhead, especially for the Assiniboine trade. She got upstream as far as Fort Pelly, Sask.



This interior view of one of the old steamboats shows the luxury in which passengers travelled on the Red and Assiniboine 75 years ago. The staterooms doors are ranged down each side.

of 1879 but considerable settlers' freight was carried from Moorhead, Minnesota, and to Portage la Prairie; the Pembina Branch of the railway bringing in the settlers in advance of their effects.

The following winter the S.S. *Marquette* was built in Moorhead, Minnesota, for Peter McArthur of Winnipeg who wanted her especially constructed for the Assiniboine trade. She was 125 feet long with a 30-foot beam and four-foot hold, drawing 15 inches light. Her engines were powerful, 12 inches in diameter, 50-inch stroke, and she was quite the handsomest boat on the Red at that time. She arrived in Winnipeg in May 1879, and Captain Jerry Webber made a trial trip as far as the foot of the Assiniboine Rapids, eight miles above the mouth of the Souris, near Rapid City which had been founded the year before. On the return he stated that he could easily get to Fort Ellice, which was 2½ miles from the present St. Lazare and about 12 miles west of Birtle. The Hudson's Bay Company furnished the freight for a successful trip on May 10. The purser, A. D. Robinson, kept a log of the trip which tells us that it took two weeks to complete, taking five days coming back from Fort Ellice. Of course there were numerous stops, seeing that it was the first steamboat on the Assiniboine River to that point.

"Sunday, May 18th, 6 o'clock a.m. 8.45 Arrived at Fort Ellice, amid loud cheering from the officers stationed at that place, and the blood-curdling yells of the Indians." The whistle was blown for some minutes before the ship was greeted by Chief Factor Archibald McDonald, Hudson's Bay Company's agent; Colonel McDonald, Indian Commissioner; and David Armit. "The Fort is composed of several long buildings, enclosed by a large fence. The buildings stand in a square so that they all face one another, with a plot of ground between them much on the same plan as the Hudson's Bay Company fort at Winnipeg," wrote Mr. Robinson.

A few days after the *Marquette* had made this historic first trip, the *Alpha* also ascended to Fort Ellice. It was thought that the river was too narrow, too crooked, and too shallow for regular use, but an immense trade was done during the summers of 1879-80-81. The Canadian Pacific Railway was opened to Brandon, 145 miles west of Winnipeg and six miles above the Assiniboine Rapid, on September 26, 1881. On June 23 of that year the Canadian Pacific Express Company had placed a messenger on each of the outgoing steamers on the Assiniboine to see that packages entrusted to their care reached their destination safely.

The *Alpha* continued her trips between Brandon and Fort Ellice, in 1882. But she was caught in the ice at Brandon that fall, and disintegrated there. In May 1880 she had taken twenty days to go to Fort Ellice because of a strong spring current and only five days coming back, but by August 3rd the *Marquette* "practically walked on stones from Ellice to Portage," as her captain said.

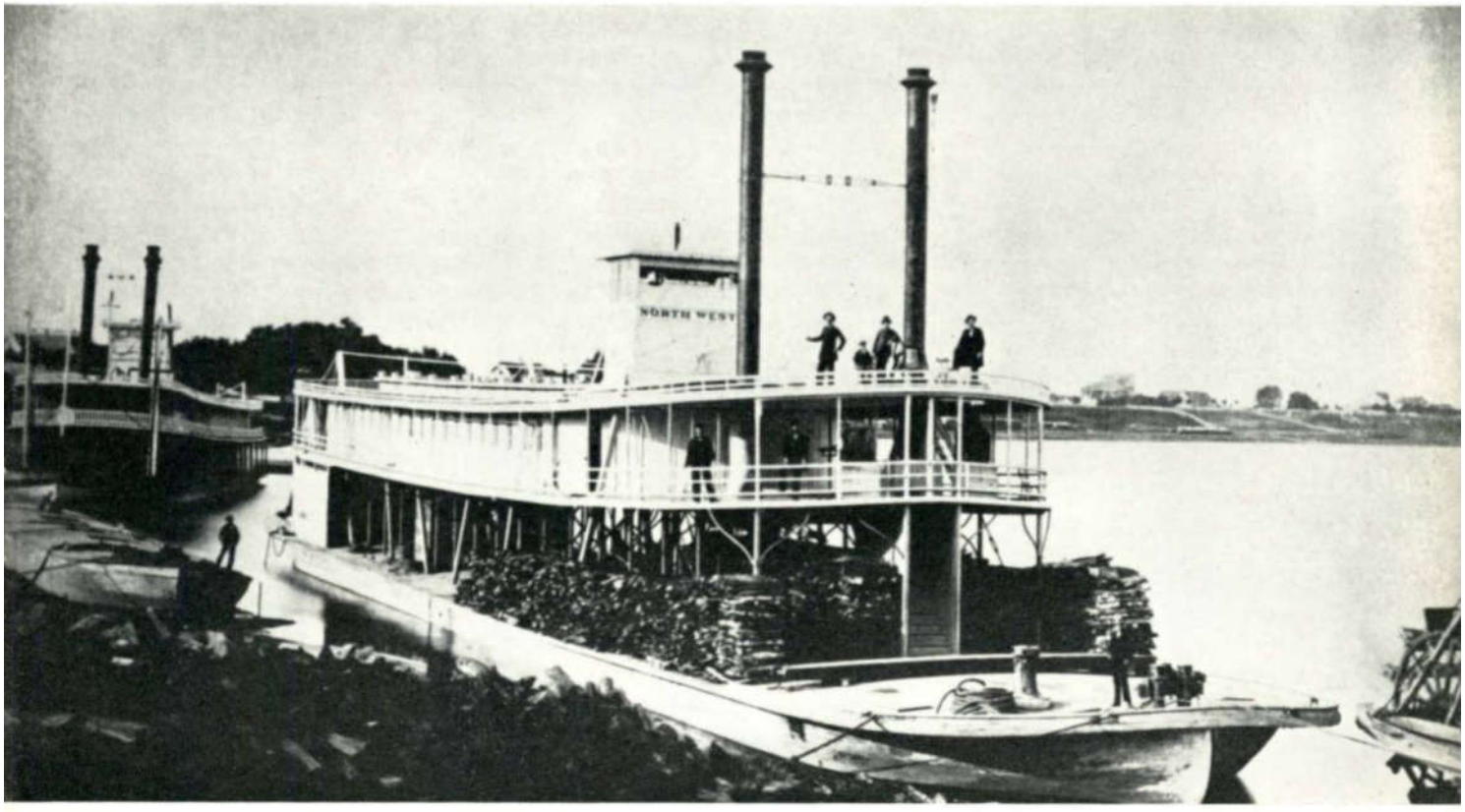
McArthur built his third boat, the S.S. *Northwest*, at Moorhead, for passenger and freight trade on the Assiniboine. The best Wisconsin seasoned oak was used and she was the largest sternwheeler in the new northwest, being 200 feet in length by 34 feet in the beam, with 4½ feet in the hold. She was powered by double lever engines 16 inches in diameter with 5 foot stroke, which received their power from two solid steel boilers of ten flues each.

The cabin was what was known to river men as "a full one," being 120 feet in length by 22 feet in width, containing 80 passenger berths. The second deck was ten feet clear of the first, and the hurricane deck stook eight feet above the second, topped out with a commodious pilot-house. The steamer cost $27,000, but Mr. McArthur brought 40 carloads of lumber down on her maiden trip to Winnipeg, May 20, 1881, for Hugh Sutherland & Bro. which was consigned to Grand Valley per his steamer to Charles Whitehead & Company for $22,500 cash.

The carpenters were still busy on the boat when she arrived, fitting up cabins. Two bridal chambers were to be especially gorgeous. On July 9th, her furnishings were enhanced with a fine new piano.

On her first trip to Grand Valley, one and a half miles down the Assiniboine from Brandon on the opposite side, she took 350 tons of freight, besides the lumber. The freight included livestock for the ranches near the Rocky

McArthur's third boat, "Northwest," was 200 feet long and 34 feet wide. Astern is the "City of Winnipeg," formerly the "Minnesota," and on the right is the stern wheel of the "Marquette." This photo and the one on page 39 were taken when all three boats were moored on the Red River at the foot of Post Office (now Lombard) Street in Winnipeg.



Mountains and a general assortment of articles necessary for pioneering, surveying, railroading, farming, stores and materials for a new country. She arrived back on May 31 with Captain Elliott Haycock as commander and George Ask, as clerk. Numerous trips were made in June and July carrying just as heavy and valuable loads—flour for the Hudson's Bay Company store at Fort Ellice and a large number of Harris & Company agricultural implements for intermediate points.

The *Minnesota* and the *Manitoba* had been lengthened 50 feet each at Grand Forks in the winter of 1880-1, and the *Minnesota* arrived in Winnipeg, April 30, where her name was changed to *City of Winnipeg*. As the *Minnesota*, she had figured in many important events in the building of the Canadian West; taking out the first shipment of wheat on October 23, 1876; bringing large numbers of immigrants (200 Mennonites alone on July 3, 1876), and carrying Lord and Lady Dufferin as passengers from Fisher's Landing to Winnipeg on their first vice-regal visit in 1877. The Earl of Dufferin was the first Canadian governor-general to visit what is now western Canada. On the morning of August 6, the *Minnesota*, ablaze with bunting, steamed to the Assiniboine Landing which was about where the present Main Street bridge crosses now in Winnipeg.

Many other notable people travelled on her, and now she was to run on the Assiniboine under a new name and a new dress. Seventy feet of her hull, cabin and deck were entirely new, thus making her 190 feet long including the stern wheel. The addition gave a fine large forecastle and also ten more staterooms than before, in which spring mattresses had been placed. A large and convenient wash room and barber shop had been added, the water for which was supplied from a reservoir on the hurricane deck. This reservoir was to be filled by means of a force-pump below with pipes to carry away overboard the water which was used. In the centre of the boat were gangways leading out upon the guards, a convenience which did not before exist. As the guards were some two feet wider than before, passengers would be able to take a walk before breakfast.

In the steerage, a strong railing $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high was placed to prevent drownings, which were frequent in steamboat days. Berths were added and special facilities for the shipment of stock, making it possible to take one hundred horses at a time. The Mounted Police forwarded horses to Fort Ellice by steamboat in 1881 to be sent thence to their respective destinations at the posts where they were required.

The *Manitoba* was similarly improved. She arrived in Winnipeg May 5th and ran on the Assiniboine along with the *City of Winnipeg*, *Alpha*, *Northwest* and *Marquette*.

By May 31, the *City of Winnipeg* was fitted up with new carpets, and large pier glasses while a magnificent piano, which cost $1000, was placed in the parlor saloon. Captain James Sheets could sing very well and so could Captain Segers of the *Marquette*. It happened that both boats were in Brandon August 3rd, and a party was arranged for that evening on the *City of Winnipeg* in the ladies' cabin.

The *City of Winnipeg* held another party on the evening of August 9 on its return to Winnipeg. The afternoon before, the steward decorated the cabin and a photograph was taken. Her glory was not for long however, as on her next trip up the Assiniboine in August, the heads of her cylinders were blown out. Her modest sister-ship, the *Manitoba*, went to her rescue and she was brought down on August 16.

Large numbers of settlers were taken up the Assiniboine for the Grand Valley, Souris, Turtle Mountains, Little Saskatchewan, Birdtail Creek and Shell River districts, and enormous amounts of freight. One boat was said to be "bristling with agricultural implements." Prince Albert, Edmonton and points on the great Saskatchewan benefitted by this steamboat service. Good roads and bridges were built so that people at Rock Lake could use the Assiniboine steamboats too.

A bridge at Fort Ellice impeded progress there, but in May 1881, it was swept away in the swift current of high water, which was six feet higher than the year before. The Hudson's Bay Company, who owned the bridge, decided not to replace it, and at once the *Marquette* ventured to explore new territory, this time commanded by Captain John S. Segers. The purser, H. R. Jones, kept a log which gives the information that the officers "had to feel their way, in many cases running over prairies and turning bends forming the sharpest of angles." When the channel of a river was searched for, they felt around in the water with a long wooden pole with rag markers on it. The deck hand would call out the depths to the captain and he would judge his navigation accordingly. When "No Bottom!" was called it meant that they were over the channel.

At Fort Pelly, Mr. McBeth stated that at one time the river had been nearly dry, but during the last three years the volume of water and width of the river had so greatly increased as to render navigation to Pelly for a small steamboat an easy matter for at least three months in the year.

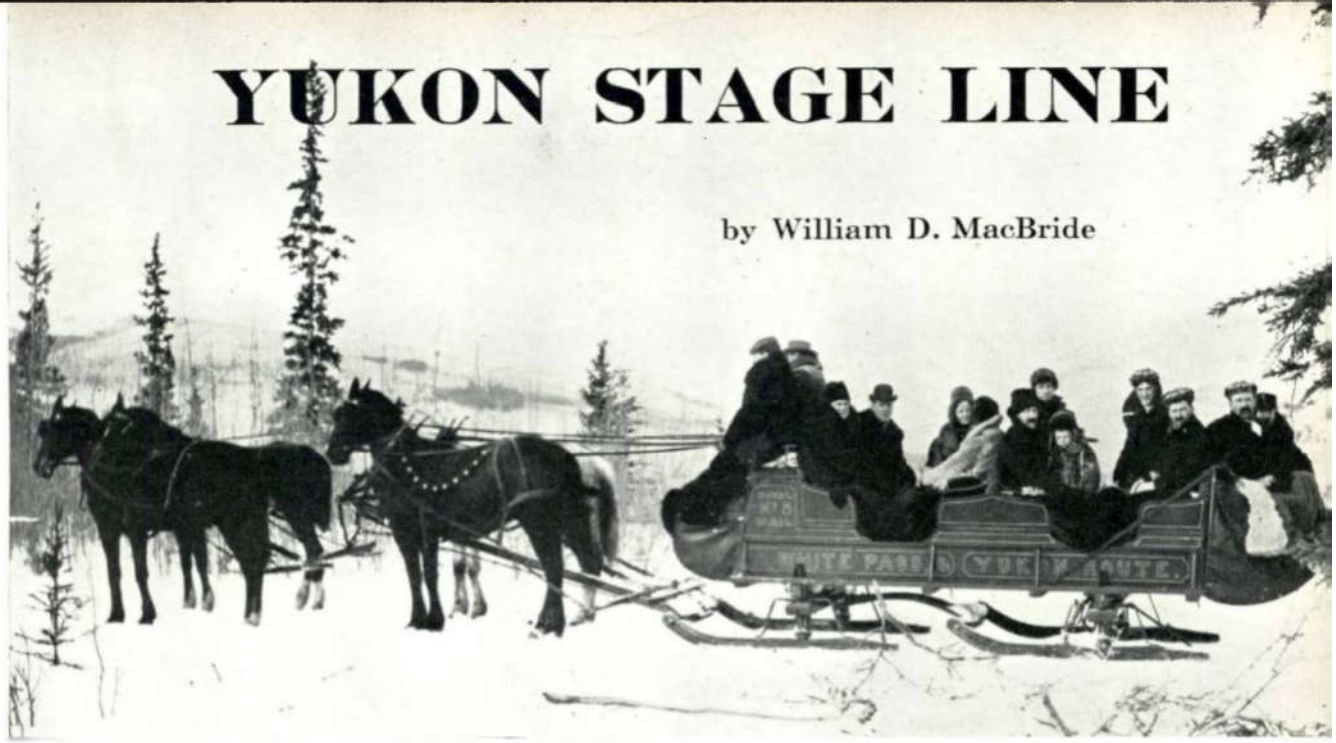
The *Marquette*, now owned by the Northwest Navigation Company, incorporated a short time before by Alex. McArthur (a brother of Peter's), H. M. Howell, Archibald Forbes, Sheriff Inkster and others, made a successful trip from Fort Ellice on July 2, arriving at Fort Pelly, July 9. They left for Winnipeg the next day and arrived there July 16 taking six days to come from Fort Pelly.

Another small steamboat on the Assiniboine was the S.S. *Mary Ann Roe*, built at Portage la Prairie for Roe & McDonald. In September 1881, Commanded by D. B. McDonald, it reached Cramp Creek which enters Lake Manitoba a little west of Delta, and brought back a cargo of fish oil to Portage. The *Mary Ann Roe* was the first steamboat ever to navigate Cramp Creek.

In the spring of 1882, Captain William Robinson purchased the Northwest Navigation Line and did the last of the freighting on the Assiniboine. The flood of that year which was extreme, delayed navigation. That fall, and in succeeding years, the Assiniboine was very low, and eventually it was realized that steamer navigation on its waters had come to an end. ◆

YUKON STAGE LINE

by William D. MacBride



Winter travel on the old stage line between Whitehorse and Dawson. Note the trio with matching caps.

THE "Overland Trail," Yukon's first highway, was constructed in 1902. It was hewn out of the wilderness with axes and cross-cut saws, and graded with ploughs, wheel scrapers and horses, by a small crew of men. There were no bulldozers and carryalls in those days, and this trail was a construction job that for its period was no mean achievement. Bridges, culverts and ferries were built. The stage line, like the Alaska Highway, had its troubles too with glaciers, muskeg, snow drifts, washouts and land slides.

On November 2nd, 1902, the first through overland stage left Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, for Dawson City, then capital of Yukon Territory. (In 1951, Whitehorse became the new capital.)

A minimum of approximately 200 horses was required to operate the winter mail stages. In peak years this number rose to about 275. Roadhouses and stables were located at intervals of 20 miles. Supplies of hay, oats and extra horses for relays were maintained at all the posts.

On modern maps of the Yukon, the "Overland Trail" is indicated by a line running from Whitehorse to Dawson City and many of the posts are shown. After the inauguration of plane service, a string of emergency landing fields was established adjacent to the winter trail.

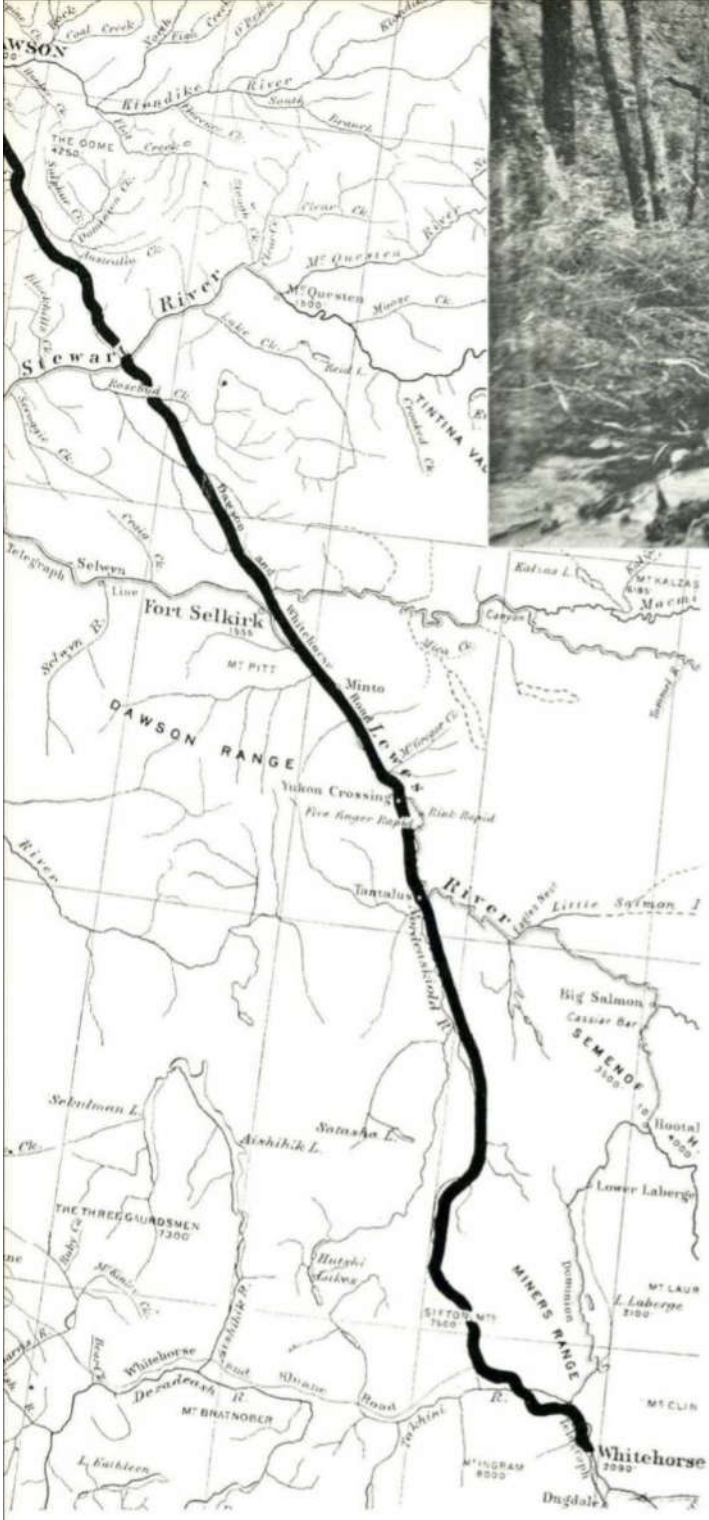
During the period from the freeze-up of the rivers until there was sufficient snow for sleighs, wheel stages were used, and wheel stages were again brought into service during the space between the end of sleighing and the beginning of steamer operation on the rivers. The roadhouses maintained at the post were log buildings—miniature hotels—heated by roaring wood fires, with comfortable beds and good country meals. Moose and caribou steaks were in evidence. Meals were $1.50 each and beds $1.00 per night. The passenger fare on wheel stages was $125.00 Whitehorse to Dawson City, not including roadhouse expenses. Hand baggage allowance was 25 lbs. free, excess baggage 30c per pound. Lower rates were quoted on freight shipments. When trail conditions permitted the use of passenger sleighs, which carried fourteen passengers each, the fares were considerably lower. Wheel stage travel during the spring ice breakup was something to write home about.

The White Pass & Yukon Route maintained at Whitehorse a horse hospital with veterinary surgeon in charge. They also operated a complete carriage shop, harness shop and blacksmith shop. Stages were built from the ground up, harness made and repaired, seats upholstered, etc. In the beginning of the service some stages were imported from Concord, New Hampshire, but they were not strong enough for the gruelling trip, and the company soon began the fabrication of its own vehicles to suit road requirements.

The majority of wheel stages were made with springs consisting of many layers of wide leather straps, instead of metal springs, with the result that they were exceptionally strong and easy riding. Such stages were known as "thoroughbraces," from the long leather straps extending the length of the chassis and supporting it.

Operation during the coldest part of the year, approximately December 1st to April 10th, was handled by passenger and freight sleighs, and many a tale could be told of the battles with extreme temperatures. It was not uncommon to start out at 20° below zero in the morning and encounter 60° below by evening. Charcoal footwarmers and buffalo robes were provided for the comfort of passengers, and practically all travellers wore coonskin overcoats and moccasins or felt shoes. Every winter on the walls of the Whitehorse stage office there would be a number of tagged coonskin coats awaiting the return of the owners from warmer climes.

W. D. MacBride of Whitehorse is president of the Yukon Historical Society and P.R.O. for the White Pass and Yukon Route.



Spring plays havoc with the overland trail.

The trail wound from one valley into another, crossing great divides, now skirting the frozen river, now swinging along the edge of a huge bluff, or running through frost-silvered forests. Life on the stage during the five day journey was chiefly one roadhouse after another. Sometimes on mild days the wayfarers stretched a fur robe across their knees and whiled away the time with a game of poker or black jack. The stages carried the Canadian mail, so they were known as Royal Mail stages, and the company as the Royal Mail Service. Among the fur-wrapped passengers were to be seen the faces of Klondike kings, card sharps, ministers, barkeepers, judges, business men, Indians who had struck it rich, men fleeing from debts and men rushing northward from a civilization that had broken them to begin life all over again.

There were no rules of the road on the Dawson trail. The stages had the right of way, for the Royal Mail knew no obstacles. It is said that in the long list of stage drivers not one was to be found who had ever abused the right of way. The drivers carried no horns or bugles, but often gave notice of their approach to a sharp curve with a weird malemute yell, echoing through the frozen hills.

Four or six horses were driven, depending on weight of load and road conditions, and these were replaced at each post with fresh stock. The drivers, or "skinners" as they were called, wore coonskin coats with an eight-foot red sash, braided by Quebec habitants, tied around the waist, and soft buckskin gloves with black silk or soft wool gloves as liners. On cold days they often held the reins in one hand whilst they pounded the other hand against their shoulders to keep up the circulation. The seat of honour was on the box beside the driver. In the latter days of operation drivers did not leave a post if the temperature was colder than 40° below. If the roadhouse thermometer was not functioning, a bottle of "Perry Davis Painkiller" set outside a window carried the warning to the unwary that when painkiller froze it was "too darn cold for man or beast." There were some breath-taking grades and curves along the mountain sides, and many steep hills on the road. Wheel stages and sleighs occasionally upset and rolled down the hillsides, but there were very few serious accidents. Wheel vehicles had heavy brakes that could lock the rear wheels, which were operated from the driver's seat. Sleighs were equipped with chain rough-locks and also metal bars that could be set to dig into the road bed. Drivers had to know their business, especially when a spring had glaciered across the road on a mountainside grade, and a hundred foot chasm stared them in the face. Horses occasionally broke through the ice on river crossings; choke lines were placed around their necks, and tight-

ened to prevent their struggling, so they could be floated down-stream and hauled out on solid ice.

The following extract from the diary of A. W. Haddock, driver, dated April 30th, 1904, describes a typical incident which occurred at the crossing of the Pelly River near Fort Selkirk:

"Was awakened at 4.30 a.m. by Mrs. Whalen, and the Pelly River was running into the roadhouse; in five minutes we were walking around the rooms waist deep. There was a large canoe, upside down, tied to a tree across the road. Ice was floating by in big blocks. Ernie and I found two paddles floating and we at once swam across, righted the canoe and brought it to the front door. We then took the women folks and Mr. Tyrrel [a "colored helper" at the roadhouse], clad only in their nightshirts, to dry ground a mile away. Ernie and I then paddled to the barn and found the horses almost covered with water. After two hours struggle we got five of them to shallower water, but one was drowned."

"*May 1st, 1904*: Got up at day-break, had some canned peas for breakfast and found water down a little. In the roadhouse there was about two feet of water running through. The door of the cellar had floated away and Tyrrel fell in the cellar over his head; he came up but very badly scared. We found some more grub on a shelf in the kitchen. We are in hard luck, most everything is in the cellar and none of us can dive. Then came back to Pleasant Camp as we had named it. We had found a small keg of rum floating around which was soon put to good use."

Lined up in the front of the Whitehorse depot, with steam streaming from the nostrils of the prancing steeds, the "boot" or rear baggage compartment crammed full, and the passengers bundled up to their ears, the driver climbed to his perch, gathered the "ribbons" between his fingers, cracked his whip, and the horses were off on a dead run down Front Street on the start of a 330 mile journey that would land the stage in Dawson City on the fifth day. Three or four posts were made in a day depending on weather and trail conditions. In an emergency the trip has been made in three days.

No story of the Yukon Stages would be complete without a tribute to its motive power, the horses. For twenty years these animals faithfully performed their arduous duties under working conditions which probably have never been equalled in America. In summer they were pastured in lush meadows to absorb enough vitamins (in 1898 I wonder how we existed without that word!) to withstand the ensuing winter. They were painted periodically upon vulnerable portions of their anatomy with a concoction of tar and insect-repelling oils to ward off the attacks of "bull dog" horse flies, mosquitoes and black gnats. Horses that had their lungs "burned" by labouring in extreme temperatures usually died in the spring or early summer. There were few losses from this cause, however. In cold climates horses grow very long hair as a protection against the cold, so the upper portion of their bodies was clipped; otherwise they would steam and frost up while working in the cold. On arrival at the posts they were blanketed and placed in log stables heated by wood stoves. They were fed bran mash, oats and timothy hay imported from the Pacific Coast.

Each horse had his record number stamped on a front hoof, and each horse had a name. During the life of the stage line, the list of horses ran into the low thousands, with the result that there were very few employees of the W. P. & Y. R., from the president down, or prominent Yukon citizens, who did not have an equine name-sake. Some interesting reports were received from stablemen at the various posts.

"Horse 182 he's dead. He jus lay down and die. He was awful thin."

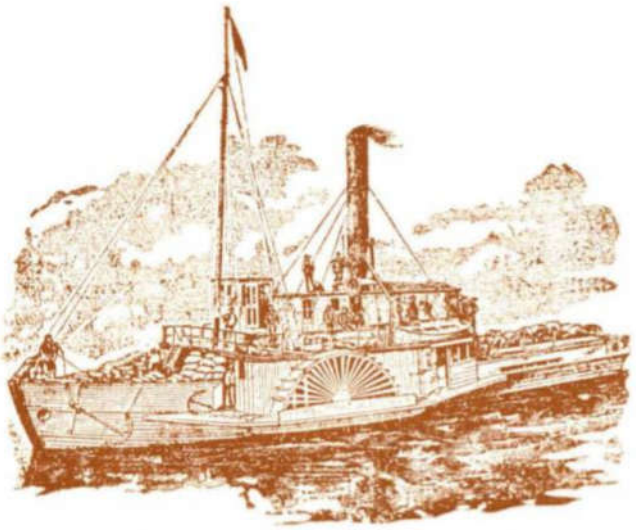
"Last month I write you send down a harness for old Billy. You send harness but you don't send collar. Now how in hell can a horse pull without a collar?"

One of the old wheel stages now rests behind the cabin of Sam McGee in Whitehorse. Perhaps Sam's ghost may return some dark and chilly night and climb up in the driver's box and holler "Whoa," and "Gee" and "Haw." Down near the White Pass Depot, tourists climb into the seats of sleigh and coach to have their pictures taken, while jet planes and modern air transports circle the Whitehorse Airport for a landing or take-off, Alaska Highway busses are loading for Fairbanks or Dawson Creek, and the oil-burning locomotive is puffing away to haul its load of passengers back to Skagway, and their Vancouver steamer.

The old stage coach has had its day and played out its part in the development of the Yukon as it did on the western frontier. But those who knew the thrill of the "Overland Trail" will never forget the journeys on Yukon's first highway, and today's sourdoughs travelling between Whitehorse and Dawson City by air in two hours, glue their eyes to the plane windows looking for the crooked Nordenskiold River, and the thin line of the Yukon Trail winding through the trees far below. ◆

The wheel stage arrives at Whitehorse depot on a summer's day.

HE PILOTED THE



S.S. "Beaver" as she appeared during the last years of her service.

At 94 Capt. Eugene Thurlow of Seattle is probably the only man alive who has piloted the North Pacific's first steamer.

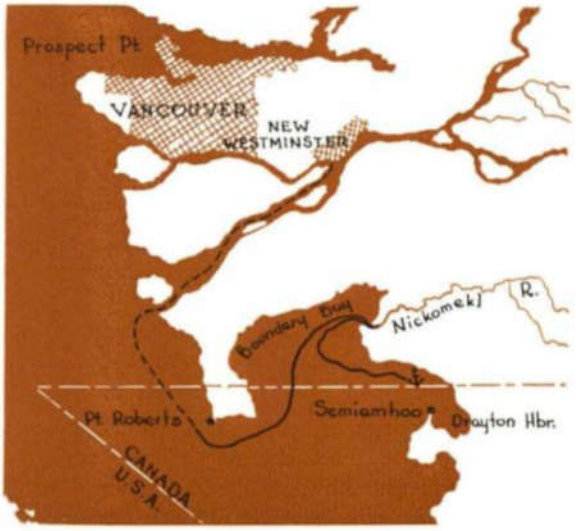
IN the summer of 1881, after forty-five years of continuous service in Pacific northwest waters, the side-wheel steamer *Beaver* was engaged in the rather dreary job of towing logs to a sawmill at New Westminster on the Fraser River. From 1835, when she slid off the ways into the Thames, she had faithfully served the Hudson's Bay Company for almost forty years, plowing the waters of the north Pacific from Fort Steilacoom to Sitka, Alaska. No other steam vessel entered this region until many years after the *Beaver's* arrival.

In 1874 the Company sold her to Victoria business interests, and now, seven years later, she was feeling her way slowly through Boundary Bay to find safe passage into the mouth of the Nicomekl River. Rigged as she was, the old steamer drew almost ten feet of water, and there were dangerous shoals stretching out into the bay from North Bluff. When the captain finally gave up his soundings he anchored just north of the international boundary, ordered a small boat overside, and was rowed to the tiny American settlement of Semiamhoo on the north end of the spit which protects Drayton Harbor.

There he asked the storekeeper, James E. Murne, whether he knew of a man who could pilot the *Beaver* into the Nicomekl. Murne sent for Eugene Thurlow, a young man who had navigated those waters for nine years, and who knew every foot of Boundary Bay.

When Thurlow arrived he followed the captain's boat to the *Beaver* in his light skiff, and went to the pilot house to take over the wheel. He needed no chart, as he'd cruised those waters regularly in Murne's two vessels, a ten-ton sloop and a seventy-five-ton schooner. Murne's customers lived along the shores of Drayton Harbor, and around Boundary Bay as far west as Point Roberts, that isolated patch of United States territory which is logically part of British Columbia but is cut off by the 49th parallel.

Most of these settlers had no money, so Murne used his boats to collect their hand-made cedar shingles, dogfish oil, potatoes, eggs and other produce which he took in exchange for groceries from his store. It was Thurlow's job to pick up those commodities along shore, and as there were no wharves or docks, he usually ran the bow of the little sloop onto the beach while he loaded.



The solid line shows the route taken by the "Beaver" when young Thurlow piloted her from Semiamhoo to Point Roberts.

Piloting the *Beaver* was quite a different deal, however, so Thurlow steered her wide around North Bluff, and then due east into the river mouth. When he located the logs, the *Beaver's* crew made them fast to a heavy towing hawser, and Thurlow steered back into the bay and southwestward to the Strait of Georgia off Point Roberts.

Here he turned the wheel over to the skipper, who needed no pilot for the few miles north to the Fraser River's mouth and up the river to New Westminster. It had been an all-day trip, as the *Beaver* logged less than three knots with the heavy tow, and it was pitch dark when Thurlow started the twelve-mile row back to Semiamhoo in his skiff.

Now, seventy-two years later, Captain Eugene Thurlow is very much alive and in reasonably good health at his

Beaver

by Donald H. Clark

Seattle home. At ninety-four his mind and memory are clear, and he speaks of events on Puget Sound in the 1870s and 1880s as if they happened yesterday. He considered his piloting trip on the *Beaver*, when he was twenty-two years old, to be quite unimportant until it was mentioned that he was probably the only man living who had handled the wheel of that famous vessel.

Captain Thurlow believes that in 1881 the *Beaver* was still rigged as originally built, although later he saw her when her upper works had been stripped to a small cabin and a pilot house, and her masts had been removed. "She was a wood-burner," says Thurlow, "and when working on a full twenty-four-hour schedule, she consumed as much as forty cords. In addition to her regular crew, she carried twelve to fifteen wood-cutters who went ashore to cut cordwood as needed. The *Beaver's* lay-up time for wood-cutting often equalled her running time while she was towing."

When the *Beaver* ran hard aground at Prospect Point near Vancouver harbour on July 26, 1888, she remained fast on the rocks for a long time before she slid off into deep water. During that period a large part of her copper fastenings and sheathing was stripped off by souvenir hunters. Some of this metal was brought to Captain Thurlow, who at the time operated a small foundry at Port Townsend. He cast it into miniature propellers, some of which are still in the hands of northwest collectors.

The *Beaver's* bronze bell, inscribed "*Beaver*-1835," and upheld by two green dolphins, is on display at the Museum of History and Industry, in Seattle. It is on loan to the museum by the owner, who is descended from northwest pioneers.

The *Beaver's* boiler, salvaged from the wreck, is housed in an open-sided structure adjacent to the Washington State Historical Society's museum, 315 North Stadium Way, Tacoma, Washington. It is not the original boiler which was installed in 1835, but a replacement made during the ship's later years. The difficulties involved in barging the boiler to Tacoma, and in moving it to the museum over Tacoma's hills by horse-drawn vehicles, are described in a voluminous file in the museum's library.

Other relics known to be extant are one of her large pulleys, one of her riding lights, and one of her nameboards, in the museum of the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg; and her foremast and walking beam at Prospect Point, Vancouver.

The *Beaver's* proud record is contained in every history of the Pacific northwest. Even today—sixty-five years after her death—photographs and sketches of the famous ship are so constantly displayed in schools, museums and other public buildings, that school children in the Puget Sound region recognize her profile on sight. ◆

Capt. Thurlow on his 90th birthday.
R. Stanley

The "Beaver" hauled up on the slips at Victoria.
B.C. Archives

SUMMER PACKET

Lords Errant

Apropos of James McCook's story "Peers on the Prairie" (which title, he assures us, was not inspired by the subtitle of the opera *Iolanthe*), Dr. Neil Morrison of Windsor has sent us an interesting squib from the Chatham, Ontario *Planet* of December 29, 1858:

"The young English lords and tourists who have been killed by the Sioux Indians once or twice, according to telegraphic reports, and brought to life again still oftener through the same source, have arrived in Chicago. The party left Selkirk on the Red River Nov. 20th with a train of 70 dogs for Crow Wing which point they reached in fifteen days. The *Tribune* says:

" 'They had as trophies of the chase, a large lot of buffalo and other furs, the hide and horns of a magnificent buffalo bull that came near killing Lord Cavendish, several Indian curiosities, and one of the dogs used for drawing sledges, one of the esquimaux breed, a hearty appetite and the rugged health of a grizzly bear.

" 'They described the life they have been living as rather romantic, one day hunting, the next fishing, one day chasing Sioux Indians, and the next being chased in return and, all in all, very pleasant!' "

Corrections

No one has yet called our attention to two errors in the March *Beaver* . . . but that's probably because our readers are too polite. The first—and worst—was on page 10, where the caption stated that Fort St. James was the oldest settlement west of the Rockies, while Fort McLeod was the oldest in B. C. Both places, of course, are in B. C. and west of the Rockies, but Fort McLeod is a year older than Fort St. James. This mistake was caught only after several thousand copies had been run off, and so it may or may not appear in your own copy. The second was on page 21, where the word "upper" was left out in the caption before "Nechako River." Neither of these was a printers' error.

Historic or Historical?

In modern writing one often notices that no distinction is drawn between the words "historical" and "historic." Yet they are far from synonymous. Museums of history, for instance, are often both, because they are frequently housed in historic buildings. The Chateau de Ramezay in Montreal is historic, because much has happened there since it was built in 1704. But it is also historical because it contains an historical museum, and is the headquarters of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society which runs it.

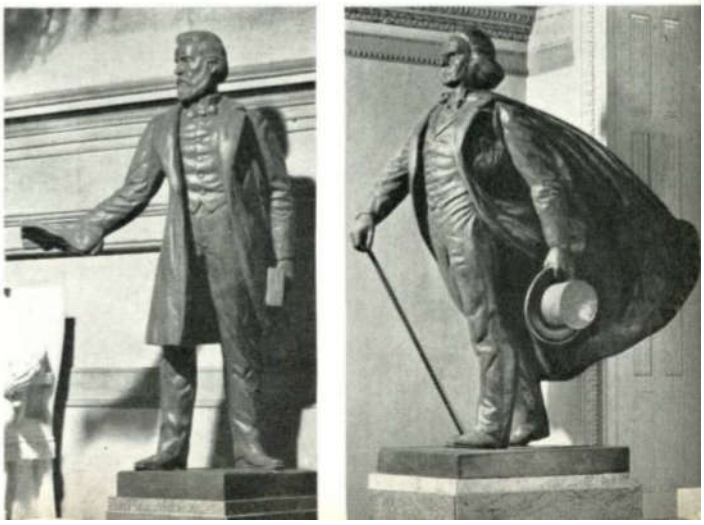
We were mildly surprised, recently, to see this confusion being extended to the wording of an Act of Parliament, no less. In the bill introduced in the Canadian House of Commons which provided for the establishment of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board on a statutory basis, there is a clause stating that the Minister may "establish historic museums." But how can a new building be historic, unless a history-making event occurs there? The site may be historic, because something happened there to make it so, But the museum—at first—will only be historical.

Mr. Fowler (*Modern English Usage*) points out that "*historic* means memorable, or assured of a place in history; *historical* should not be substituted for it in that sense." And, we might add, "historic" should not be substituted for "historical."

McLoughlin and Lee

In the Winter Packet of 1948 the *Beaver* carried a picture of a new United States postage stamp marking the centennial of the Oregon Territory, and featuring portraits of Dr. John McLoughlin and Rev. Jason Lee. Statues of these two men (both born in Canada) were recently unveiled in Statuary Hall at the Washington Capitol, to represent the State of Oregon, and the accompanying photos of them have kindly been sent to us by Senator Guy Cordon. Replicas of these statues were unveiled at Salem, the Oregon state capital, early this year by great-great-great-grandchildren of McLoughlin and a granddaughter of Lee.

Statues of Reverend Jason Lee and Chief Factor McLoughlin represent Oregon in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C.



Northern Books

WE FOUND PEACE, by Gray Campbell. Thomas Allen Limited, Toronto. 1953. 244 pages.

Reviewed by Beth Paterson

THIS refreshing account of an R.A.F. veteran's start as a cattle rancher in Alberta is told with simplicity, candour and humour. A novice contemplating a career of the same kind would do well to read it.

Mr. Campbell, a native of Ottawa, was a member of the R.C.M.P. for seven years before the Second World War. Back in Canada after the war, with his English wife and small son, he became a salesman in Hamilton; but he disliked the unfamiliar confinement of the city, and decided to go to Alberta where he would buy a ranch with his war service gratuity and a Veterans' Land Act loan. He and his small family set out in an old Ford and second-hand trailer with $80 in cash, considerable determination and trepidation. Having no knowledge of the running of a ranch, they first worked as hired help and housekeeper on a cattle ranch near Manyberries. Finally, after overcoming several obstacles, they arranged for purchase of a ranch in the Porcupine Hills out of Macleod.

Mr. Campbell explains that he was asked to write the story "to encourage others." The request came from two "silent partners" who, unsolicited, sent a large donation towards purchase of the ranch. They had been impressed by the young couple returning "to the fundamentals that had built up this young country."

The author makes no attempt at fine writing and succeeds in giving a buoyant, unpretentious account. One has the feeling that his book comes off far better than he would have conceived possible. There is no intention to impress or to be funny as is often the case in this type of story. His style is vigorous, conversational, and interspersed with slang from air force life. His description of the Porcupine Hills community is convincing and his dialogue, easy. He tells movingly of doubts and fears for his project.

He gives lively descriptions of his first experience at branding cattle, of a round-up, a rural auction sale, of ploughing a field with out-dated equipment and seeding thirty acres by hand. There are humourous anecdotes about his first attempt at milking a cow and of bath night on the ranch, of his anxiety and excitement at his first sale at a cattle auction—two cows.

He gives his view of modernization in a rural area and goes into some detail about the handling of cattle. He warns that it is not easy sledding. "We have learned," he writes, "that stock raising and farming is a cold-blooded, calculated science and no one can practise it today without good basic training and intensive study. It may be entertaining to read our account of the happy landing at Squaw Butte but it is well to remember that this ranch was evaluated by very capable men. And we have tried to farm it and rotate our pastures on the latest principles. We have also taken steps for modernization of machinery and improved blood lines for the cattle."

The main point of the story is that, despite obstacles, it had been fun chasing a dream "through hell and high water."

DAVID THOMPSON'S JOURNALS. RELATING TO MONTANA AND ADJACENT REGIONS, 1808-1812 Transcribed from a photostatic copy of the original manuscripts and edited with an introduction by M. Catherine White. (Montana State University Studies, Vol. I). Montana State University Press, Missoula. 1950. 345 pages.

Reviewed by W. S. Wallace

DAVID Thompson's journals, which were for many years housed in the Crown Lands Department of the Ontario government, are now in the Ontario Archives building; and it was perhaps inevitable that those States in the Pacific North West, where Thompson was the first to carry out surveys, should wish to have those parts of Thompson's journals relating to them reproduced. For Montana, Miss White has now printed, in a very handsome limited edition of five hundred copies, Thompson's journals relating to his surveys in that and adjacent regions during the years 1808-1812.

Whether the volume justifies the lavish care bestowed on it, may perhaps be doubted. When David Thompson wrote those chapters of his *Narrative* which deal with his exploration in the Pacific North West, he had his journals beside him; and when Dr. J. B. Tyrrell edited Thompson's *Narrative*, he also had the journals available for consultation. There would seem therefore little to be gained by the reproduction of the journals, which are, in general, about as informative as a ship's log. It must be admitted, of course, that David Thompson's *Narrative* was issued by the Champlain Society in a limited edition, and is copyrighted; and this is perhaps the chief justification for the printing of the journals reproduced in the present volume.

Miss White prefaces the journals with a long and elaborate account of David Thompson's life, in which she leans heavily on Dr. Tyrrell's introduction to the *Narrative*. There is, in fact, in her account of Thompson's life little or nothing that has not appeared in print before. Similarly, in the "Biographical Sketches" which appear as Appendix

W. S. Wallace, librarian of the University of Toronto, is the foremost authority on the North West Company.

A there is little that is new, except it be Miss White's statement (p. 238) that Sir Alexander Mackenzie was one of the defendants in the trial of the Nor'Westers in York in 1818. (It was, of course, not Sir Alexander Mackenzie who was tried, but his nephew, of the same name, sometimes nick-named "the Emperor.") In Appendix B, she has an interesting and valuable discussion of the late Professor A. S. Morton's repeated attacks on David Thompson's reputation as an explorer and geographer.

WOODSMOKE—The Book of Outdoor Lore, by Ellsworth Jaeger. The Macmillan Company, Toronto and New York. 1953. 228 pages.

Reviewed by Calvin Rutstrum

PROFUSE illustrations and a minimum of text seem to be the pattern of Mr. Jaeger's books. However, *Woodsmoke* has been slanted more to text than his former and better known *Wildwood Wisdom*. The first impression upon opening the book is that one has mistakenly picked up the Boy Scout Manual. Librarians will likely draw the conclusion from the format that here is an addition to the juvenile shelf. This is not derogatory but rather a compliment to the author and an asset to sales.

One great difficulty experienced in most pen sketches of camp ideas, and this is equally true of *Woodsmoke*, is that the pen performs miracles of campcraft far beyond the possibility of practical application. Field stones are no longer the misshapen objects of reality but become uniform and symmetrical. Wooden crotches of exact size and form are always growing at the proper height and place. Firewood, stakes and poles are products of the wood industry. Impracticable shelters show nothing of the inevitable dripping, and suffocating smoke requires no control other than a convenient flourish of the sketcher's pen. Three-foot holes are dug for disposal without the camp equipment addition of pick and shovel, and as deftly in a country of solid rock as in deep soil. *Woodsmoke* shows its best pages in the biological field. Here the writer seems to have got away from the shores of popular camping concepts and has pushed into the deeper water of study and understanding. While it has been kept elementary and humorous, it is nevertheless a chapter which offers easily gathered and worthwhile information. As to his Indian lore (which he calls "Indian Larnin"), he is living in the past, and seems to be influenced by the novelty of Indian lore as applied in current, fabulously illustrated manuals designed largely for organized boys' and girls' camps. The Indian of today in all his grim reality of both wilderness and artificial adaptation, he has avoided. However, if he has slanted this volume for the juvenile reader, there might be some virtue in his application of the legendary figure.

While this book will not hold out a great deal for the itinerant camper or the wilderness traveller, it would be a disinterested person indeed, who did not find in its sketches and brief text, a novel review of outdoor lore.

Calvin Rutstrum of Marine-on-St.-Croix, Minn., is an exponent of the art of wilderness living.

ARCTIC SOLITUDES, by Admiral Lord Mountevans. New York: Philosophical Library 1953. 143 pages.

Reviewed by P. D. Baird

WRITING a book has some analogy with a long sledge journey. You start off perhaps with eagerness and speed but then it becomes a weary grind. Sledging has its maxims. First is a sound careful plan. Second, a minute attention to detail; the lashings must be continually checked or the whole load will come undone and be lost. The admiral starts his history of Arctic exploration with such speed and confusion that one fears an overturning. And there seems no steady plan to his work; odd inserts, unequal treatments, and repetitions abound. Finally, those lashings! An old experienced traveller should check such things as dates, spellings and names of flowers in photographs with more care.

In his foreword to *The Desolate Antarctic* this great sailor states that he wrote the book in a few weeks in a Norwegian mountain lodge. The present volume seems to have been put together outside the hut, and the publisher never let him see the proofs.

Many of the illustrations have been retouched with a very coarse brush, but the endpaper maps, one of each polar hemisphere, are good.

P. D. Baird is director of the Montreal office of the Arctic Institute of North America, and a highly experienced Arctic traveller.

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